MOTHER OF THE MOTHERLESS

Mrs. J.D. MOOKEN

MAR APREM

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The Most Rev. Dr. Mar Aprem (formerly George Mooken) was born in Trichur, Kerala, India, in June 1940. Educated in India, England, and America, he specialised in the field of Church History. He was the President of the Church History Association of India.

He holds two master's degree in Church History, one from the United Theological College, Bangalore (M. Th, of Serampore, 1966) and the other from the Union Theological Seminary, New York (S. T. M. degree, 1967). He was a candidate for Doctor of Theology (Th. D.) degree at Princeton Theological Seminary, U. S. A. when he was made bishop in Bagdad, Iraq in 1968. Later he earned his D. Th. degree from Serampore University, near Calcutta.

Ordained a deacon on June 25, 1961, he became a priest on the day he completed twenty five years of age on 13 June, 1965. He was consecrated Bishop on 21st September, 1968 and promoted as a Metropolitan eight days later in Bagdad.

His Biography appears in the International Who's Who of intellectuals, Vol. 6, Cambridge. The International directory of distinguished leadership, first Edition, U. S. A. and others.

He was given "Men of Achievement" Award of the International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, England in 1984. and the 'Medal of Merit' of the Coptic Orthodox Cultural Centre, Venice for his cultural and ecumenical achievements.

Since 1968 He is the Head of the Church of the East in India with his headquarters in Trichur. He is active in several religious and social organisations all over India.

MOTHER OF THE MOTHERLESS

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Mother of the Motherless

A biography of Mrs. J. D. Mooken
of Trichur

Dr. Mar Aprem

THRISSUR, KERALA, INDIA
2002

Mother of the Motherless

Biography (English)

Author: Most Rev. Dr. Mar Aprem
B.D., M.Th., S.T.M., D.Th.
Metropolitan's Palace,
Thrissur - 680 001,
Kerala, India (Phone: 0487 - 420978)
E-mail : aprem@vsnl.com

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INTRODUCTION

At last this book is out. I had planned it to be ready for the first death anniversary of my mother in December,1998. At the same time I wanted it to include reminiscences of people who had known her and her concern for the downtrodden in our society, namely the orphans and the widows in and around Trichur. A woman alone cannot endeavor such great activities. But many great works had humble beginnings. My mother did not think that she was attempting something great. At the same time she knew that she should do something in a society where women had not achieved much. She dared to swim against the current.

Her path was not smooth. Ordinary mortals would have given up. Mrs.J.D. Mooken was a fighter for a noble cause. When the Kerala State Government minister Mr. V.V.Raghavan (now member of the Indian Parliament) gave the Lakshmi Award of the Sahradaya Vedi of Trichur on 5th June 1988 she mentioned in her reply speech that God had provided her good friends and a willing staff in her road of achievements. Her speech also surprised me, because she did not have formal education after the age of 13.

The social workers of Trichur and the government officials are full of appreciation for her. They knew that her achievements were both inspiring and challenging for women. The women were no weaker section in the society. They should get out of their kitchens and homes and venture into something on behalf of the unfortunate ones.

After starting the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage she was always active in the Child and Women Welfare committee of the government in Trichur District. She was vice chairman in such committees where the District Collector was the Chairman. I often

wondered how she managed her responsibility. Some District Collectors in Trichur were non-Malayalam speaking officials from outside the Kerala State. How she conversed with the officials is a mystery. She promoted non–formal education such as adult literacy classes. She was in the Red Cross society too. She was almost omnipresent.

She started industrial units in order to provide jobs for the orphans. She started a printing press. There was a nursery school, tailoring classes and many activities in the Orphanage complex. She donated 30 cents of land for building a Working Women's Hostel. Then she went to New Delhi and obtained a grant from the Government to complete the construction of the Hostel for low-income working women to stay near their working places paying lower rent. That hostel cost one and a half million rupees.

During her visit to Delhi she met the Prime Minister, Mrs.Indira Gandhi, and invited her to visit the Orphanage. The Prime Minister agreed to visit the Orphanage during her future visit to the state of Kerala. When she told the Congress members in Trichur that the Prime Minister consented to visit the Orphanage some of them wondered how that would be possible. Some said that she could not do that without the permission from the local unit of the Congress party. Anyhow that did not take place.

One day a car with a flag fluttering in front arrived in the Orphanage. One Minister from the Government of India came out of the car and walked to the orphanage. The honourable Minister from New Delhi started talking to her in Malayalam. His wife was also with him.

The Minister from New Delhi asked how she had started the Working Women's Hostel. He said that his wife wanted to start a similar hostel

in his parliamentary constituency, namely Ottapaalam. My mother did not know who the Central Minister was. She had no time to read the newspapers and watch the news on the television. It was none other than Mr.K.R.Narayanan, the present President of India and his wife Usha Narayanan.

President of India K.R.Narayanan came with his wife Usha to attend the wedding of the son of Rev. K.T. Alexander of Cochin, Kerala. Narayanan was only Vice President of India at that time. I was given the privilege of the head table to sit with the Vice President during the wedding reception. Mrs. Usha Narayanan introduced me to her husband, "Look, this bishop is the son of the social worker Mrs. Mooken." Mr.K.R.Narayanan said, "Oh yes, I know that." I was proud to be introduced as "the son of the social worker Mrs Mooken" rather than a writer of joke books, as I am sometimes introduced.

I am grateful to all those who wrote a few words about Mrs.J.D. Mooken, especially Polly Reuling of USA and other parents who helped finance the publication of this book. Dr.A.K.Tharian responded instantly to my request to write something about my mother whom he had known in many conferences of Christian Medical Association of India.

I feel sorry that it took such a long time to bring out this book. The cover page was printed about two years ago. My ecclesiastical duties, travels and writing travelogues delayed the completion of this book. Moreover I was writing a second doctorate. After I completed the Ph.D. dissertation and submitted it to the Mahatma Gandhi University in Kottayam on 31 October 2000 I began to concentrate on the completion of this book. Many unexpected duties delayed it further.

My ambition to complete it for the 3rd death anniversary of my mother on 27 December 2000 also failed. Finally in May 2001 I took

this work seriously and came to a happy conclusion only in January 2002. Once again I realized that writing a book is not an easy task to those who have many responsibilities. Yet my mother's spirit to get a thing done is in my blood too. She attempted the mission impossible. She never allowed laziness. Her life of prayer and faith in God was the secret of her success.

Mar Narsai Press in Trichur printed this book. The Manager Fr.C.D.Pauly deserves my gratitude for his interest in getting this book printed. Mr.Johnson Johny of digitech dtp, Koratty did the DTP work of this book diligently.

Any profit from the publication of this book will be donated to the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage, Kalathode.

I did not have enough time to spare to collect reminiscences from the many people who admired Mrs. J. D. Mooken.

22 February 2002 **Mar Aprem**

A TRIBUTE

It was joy and inspiration to meet and talk to Mrs. J.D. Mooken. Though she comes from a very conservative social back ground, she comes very well into an enlightened group and meaningfully discusses with academicians current issues, Her limited ability to converse in fluent English did not deter her from attending even some international conferences where she made her valuable contributions.

My contact with Mrs. Mooken was mostly through CMAI and other conferences that she regularly participated. She had impressed me as a lively enthusiastic person concerned with prevailing social evils and she dreamed of bringing a new social order where justice and fairness will prevail. She felt that more women should be involved in the social and spiritual activities of our Church and not confine only in domestic affairs. She herself took the initiative to start an orphanage out of her concern for the socially ignored and helpless children.

Her departure during Christmas in 1997 was a great loss not only to her family but also to many who were benefited by her moving spirit. The highest tribute we can pay to her memory, at least in a small way, is to support some of the projects she has initiated for the benefit of the neglected and marginalized people in our society.

A. K. Tharian
Christian Fellowship Hospital
ODDANCHATRAM, Madurai, Tamilnadu

Dr. A. K. Tharian was the President of the Christian Medical Association of India, Voluntary Health Association of India and advisor to (W. H. O.) Geneva in Medical Ethics.

REMINISCENCES

By Polly Reuling, Iowa, USA

My first knowledge of Mrs. Mooken was in August 1979 through a letter telling me of the existence of a baby girl. I was overjoyed beyond belief at receiving this letter, having finished for sometime the requirements and extensive paperwork necessary to be approved as an adoptive parent by state authorities. I replied at once and a month later received a letter from Mrs. Mooken[typed on Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage stationery and enclosing a photograph of herself and the baby girl. This introduction gave me the first glimpse of a handsome woman in a white sari holding Unny Mary on her arm as she stood in front of a bamboo fence outside of the orphanage. The directness of her gaze as she looked out from the photograph and her protective stance as she held Unny Mary told me then of the strength and compassion of a woman I would soon meet in person.

Two months later after filing of reams of paperwork for the Indian court, the U.S Immigration Service and the Minnesota Department of Social Services, the maze of red tape still looked endless and I decided to take a leave from my work and fly to India to help speed up the legal and court procedures. I arrived in Bombay November 23rd and flew on to Coimbatore where I was met, driven to Coyalmannam in Kerala and welcomed pinto the family of Reverend and Dr. K.T. Alexander whom I had met in Iowa several years before and who had first put me in contact with Mrs. Mooken. After two days of catching up with the time change and adjusting my senses to the exotic beauty and richness of color, sounds and sights of the lush countryside surrounding their home and the mission hospital, the Alexanders arranged for us to meet at their home.

It was early evening when I heard people talking and laughing and went outside to find that Mrs. Mooken had just arrived and everyone was sitting out in the compound enjoying the after glow of sunset. When we were introduced she said, "I am the culprit!" her laughter resounding strong and full, her face alive and smiling, her silver hair and white sari bright against the dark of the evening. The force of her vibrant personality was now fully present.

The next vivid impression I have of Mrs. Mooken is in her home. The day to see Unny Mary had finally arrived. On Sunday November 25th we drove to Trichur where little Mary, six months old, was sound asleep on a mat with Mrs.Mooken sitting protectively next to her. Seeing how naturally she gave her whole attention to this baby, she seemed the epitome of the warm, caring mother. With steadfast vision and compassion this strong maternal instinct had been expanded and transformed within a woman who had become a mother to the needy, the homeless and the motherless. This warm, caring woman was also a formidable and tireless protector whose strength, energy and determination had been channeled into the founding and establishing an orphanage.

That story can be told by someone more knowledgeable as I have only sketchy stories of how she raised the money, gave her land for the building...stories gleamed from tales she told me and from other family members. Having later stayed at the orphanage and through continued contact with her over the years, I am able to see and write these perceptions in retrospect. At the time, however, I was completely caught up in the overwhelming emotions of the occasion.

Mrs. Mooken's family shared the excitement of the occasion on this day. All ten of her 'children' had come home at this time from many places and countries to honour their father, as is the custom upon the first anniversary of his death. I thoroughly enjoyed being in the midst of this wonderful family as we ate, talked and laughed,

giving thanks and celebrating life together. It was a privilege for me to meet the immediate family in this way and I have subsequently had the opportunity to see and get to know several of them over the years. To have raised such a productive and interesting family would be accomplishment enough for most. For Mrs. Mooken this accomplishment gave her the background and experience to go on to establish another family and home, the larger family of the orphanage.

The first time I came to the orphanage was on December 4th. I wrote about that day in a journal I kept whenever I had time. What I wrote then, more than what I could write in retrospect, describes the warmth and caring I felt among the women who worked there and the children living there. On to Trichur, everything on road. Mrs. Mooken telling stories on the way. Got to orphanage about ten or eleven. Hospital along road. Met Dr. Jacob and nurses. While standing there saw woman walking up road from orphanage carrying Mary in little dress. Came to me. Gave her to me. She looked at me so serious and straight in the eyes. Her eyes so wide and open. I dissolved in tears. Tears flooding in my eyes and down my cheeks and blurring everything. The feeling of this tiny person looking at me so innocently and trustingly when I held her. The moment and time I have waited for so long.

We said goodbye to Reverend A and the others and walked along the road back to the orphanage. I took a lot of pictures of everyone in front of the orphanage on the large tile porch. Had Leela take one of Mary and me. Then we went in the side room and had coffee. Mary sat in the middle of the table and I took a lot of other pictures. She would wave her arms up and down and be excited whenever anyone said 'going to America' in Malayalam. Then we went upstairs to my room. Nice big room with two beds and bathroom, sink in corner. Big shade trees right outside windows...mango, ash. Wire screen like small chicken wire on

windows, bars behind. Then out in big hall in middle and sat on mats and played. Took many pictures.

Wonderful Indian women all holding and caring for Mary. Then while playing I saw a lot of children at the end of the corridor in a big wide door. All looking with wide eyes. They all came up and formed a circle around us and sang a song. I was overcome. It was so beautiful; these beautiful children singing in wonderful voices, words, which I finally realized, were English, in a very strong accent. 'This is the day, this is the day that the Lord has made...' I took pictures of all of them. Then we went in the room and they gave me a bottle to feed her and then she went to sleep. I watched her for a long long time.'

Since Unny Mary was the first child to be adopted from the orphanage the court and legal procedures took longer than anticipated. The red tape often seemed endless and the frustrations in dealing with laws and customs of a strange country were compounded by not understanding the language. I spoke no Malayalam and Mrs. Mooken spoke very little English, but with the words she knew and with much gesturing and laughing between us we were able to make ourselves understood, enjoying our time together. When it was important to understand exactly what was said or written in legal matters there was always someone available to interpret. Through these delays and frustrations Mrs. Mooken guided the process with her characteristic good humour and persistence, whether it be arranging an appointment with the lawyer or going with me to an office in Cochin. I was finally granted the final court order to become her guardian in March, four months after I had arrived.

This delay was actually a blessing in disguise, allowing me the extended time with Unny Mary in the country of her birth. As I became her mother I fell in love with India and the people

surrounding us. I was touched by the gentleness and warmth of the women and children as they took us into the simplicity of their common life together. The warmth and caring I felt on that first day at the orphanage were feelings that continued to grow during the time I spent there. I felt it became a home and a family for Mary and me in the same way it was for the children and the staff living there. It was the larger family that Mrs. Mooken had created and established, and it was also her life. She put all of her work, energy, thought and feeling into running this amazing and complex community. The vibrant life and activity of the orphanage expressed who she was. She and the orphanage were inseparable.

Some of what I wrote during this time may give a small glimpse into the life of the orphanage that, beyond the structure of daily schedules for staff and children, of work, school, meals and prayer, was always bursting with other activities, events and happenings. The lives of so many people, their joys and sorrows, difficulties and achievements, flowed freely within the steady, knowing direction of Mrs. Mooken, Ammachi, and mother to all.

Letters of Polly Reuling

Letters sent by Polly Reuling from the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage to her parents in the USA

Nov 24, 1979 Saturday night

Dear Mother and Daddy,
India is more strange and beautiful and fantastic than I could ever have imagined. Really another world. If I keep seeing and doing as much since Reverend Alexander picked me up in Coimbatore yesterday I'll never be able to get it written, so want to write a note before going to sleep and before tomorrow starts. Its all so

unbelievable I can't quite believe my eyes except that it just keeps on being that way.

I could see Reverend Alexander in his long white robe when I walked up to the airport in Coimbatore. I was so glad to see him there and felt like all the uncertainty of going over and getting there was finally over. .....

Will close for now. Tomorrow, Sunday, we are going to have lunch with Mrs. Mooken at her house in Trichur and I will see my baby girl. Then we will go to Cochin and meet with Mrs. Mooken's son and the lawyer at 5:30. Mrs.Mooken does not speak English; her secretary translates letters for her. Reverend Alexander said he saw her (the baby) for the first time last Friday and she is very smart. When they ask her where she is going she waves her hands up and down as if she is flying to America.

Sunday, November 25

After church we walked back and the driver was here to pick me up. We picked up Reverend Alexander from the church where he had given communion and another couple who were going to Cochin. The country side and roads and villages and people were all fantastic and indescribable again, a constant flow of every kind of activity going on outside and along the roads. Mrs. Mooken has all her family visiting her - 10 children- on the anniversary of her husband's death last year - so I met a lot of them first and then she came.

She is much smaller than I thought from the picture. She is very friendly and laughs a lot. Then she brought Mary out. She is very observant and looks at you very intently. I had bought two garlands of flowers the day before and put one around her neck and one around Mrs. Mooken's and she had fun playing with them for a while. I held her for a little bit but then she wanted to go back to

Mrs. Mooken. She fell asleep after a little while and she put her on a little mat where she slept while we ate dinner. They had many courses, the women all coming around and serving you. After dinner I put the little dress up to her while she was sleeping and saw it was the right size. Then I took some pictures of her sleeping and then with Mrs. Mooken sitting next to her. She had on a blue and yellow dress and I propped the teddy bear I had brought for her next to her which also had a blue and yellow jacket and hat on exactly the same color. She had little bracelets on.

Mrs. Mooken had a long white dress on. We all talked some more. Her children are very nice and speak English. Two of them live in the U.S. and were there. One from California with his two children, and a daughter who I liked especially lives in Jefferson City, Missouri where her husband is dean at the University there.

One son who is the bishop in the church was there with a long red robe. He said a long prayer in Malayalam with everyone standing around at the end and then told me he had prayed that the adoption would go speedily. I took a picture of all of them in front of their house on the steps and also of me with them. Mrs. Mooken had changed her into the new dress and I held her again for a while. Then she held her and said something to her and she waved her arms and looked up and laughed and everyone was laughing, that is how she is going to America. Then we left them and drove on to Cochin to see the lawyer. I will see her again after a week.

I most close and will write more later. I came into on the bus this morning with a Swedish man who is staying too. I wanted to make a phone call to the man he has told me about in Cochin before I to see this lawyer again. I found the telephones are on strike all over India this past week and probably, the next week so you can't

phone anywhere. We are in a coffee house before catching the bus back to Trichur. Today is Friday November 30. We must catch the bus now, will mail this before.

Lots of Love, Polly

December 3, 1979
Coyalmannam

Mrs. Mooken is supposed to come tonight and I'm supposed to go to Trichur with her and stay at the orphanage the next week. I felt a sore throat this morning, so Dr. Alex said she would give me something. I don't want to be sick there and give it to the children.

December 8 or 9, 1979

Dear Mother and Daddy,

It is hard to find time to write here because every time I think I will have a few minutes to myself, two or three girls come in to bring me coffee or tea or dinner. I've never been waited on so much! Right now Mary is asleep on the bed and the little children are singing songs in the hall outside with some evangelists who came for the day. Their voices are beautiful, the children are beautiful and this whole place is like another world. We drove down Tuesday morning from Coyalmannam after breakfast. Mrs. Mooken came with her daughter Leela (the one who lives in Jefferson City) Monday afternoon and another couple, he is also a Mar Thoma priest. We were going to take the bus and drove into Palghat and three of us were able to get on, it was too crowded for anyone else, but Reverend Alexander didn't get on and had to go to a meeting for several days in the southern part of Kerala and wouldn't get there in time

otherwise, so the driver drove us to Trichur where Reverend Alexander could also catch another bus.

We got here about eleven A.M., there is a small hospital at the entrance on the main road which Reverend Alexander had pointed out to me when we were in Trichur before but you couldn't see the orphanage. There is a dirt road that goes back to it through some little fields and trees. We stood in front of the hospital for awhile and I was introduced to the nurses and the doctor who comes there every morning for three or four hours to see patients who come from the outside as well as any from the orphanage. Mary had been in there a week or so for something on her skin. I was looking through the corridor and door and down the road saw her coming sitting on the arm of the woman carrying her just the way she was in the picture with Mrs. Mooken, in the little aqua dress I had gotten in Bangalore. The woman gave her to me and she looked at me so serious and straight in the eyes, her eyes so wide and big, I was overcome with her glance. We walked back to the orphanage and I took a lot of photos of her with different people; and then we went into a room next to the entrance where they sat her in the middle of the table and we sat around her and had coffee. I was so excited and laughing at everything she did. She is absolutely adorable, beautiful and delightful and I am crazy about her. She sits up by herself and was very excited too. When she is excited she puts her arms out and waves them in a rhythm with her whole body and makes a funny low sound in her throat. Everyone was laughing and excited and when I looked out the door and window they were full of faces with big eyes and smiling mouths all looking on intently.

Then we went up some stairs on the outside of the building to the second floor where my room is. It is a nice big room with two big windows on one side with large mango trees and another that looks like an ash which make it very shady and often a breeze. A colored

tile floor, little sink in the corner, two single beds with mosquito netting canopies, a john in a little room at one end of the bedroom, a big table and bench at the other end. Opposite the windows looking outside are windows with shutters looking out on a wide corridor and then rooms on the other side. They arranged the bench with a pretty cloth to put my suitcase etc. on and then nailed a pegboard above for me to hang clothes from. Then went out in the middle of the corridor on some mats on the floor and played with her with all these wonderful Indian women also on the mats holding and playing with her. Then while playing I saw a lot of children in the wide door at the end of the corridor all looking with wide eyes. They all came up and formed a circle around us and sang a song....I finally faintly recognized that they were singing English words...This is the day, this is the day, that the Lord has made, that the Lord has made. It was beautiful hearing their voices and seeing their faces all around. Then someone brought a bottle for her and I fed her and then she took a nap and I watched her for a long time. It constantly amazes me to look at her little features and body are just beautiful. Too much to describe in words except that I love everything about her.

That night after having dinner in my room with Mrs. Mooken we went to prayer at seven in a long room with all the children and the women who work there. After very very long prayers with beautiful chanting and different girls taking the lead and the younger children coming in in a chorus, and much kneeling and standing and up and down, the children did the most beautiful dances in groups and individually with others singing the music. The dances and movements and the music were so different than anything I had seen or heard and I couldn't get over how beautiful and appealing these children are. Then about ten or fifteen of the older girls came out with their band instruments and played several pieces. I loved the whole thing and was touched to realize they were putting it on for me. When they asked me to sing a song I really couldn't think of

one thing to sing. Have thought of some since then when they ask me. That night Mary slept on a mat on the floor between the two beds with a sheet and a big pillow she likes to put her top half on. Sosamma is the woman who has been taking care of her and she sleeps in the other bed. She is wonderful with her and knows just what to do and what she needs, a very warm person. So I am learning a lot from watching her. She gets the bottles, washes the baby's things and my things, and is an all around godsend.

Lots of love, Polly.

December 20, 1979.

Dear Mother and Daddy,
It is hard to realize Christmas is so close, only five days away. I will miss being home for it with little Mary as I had thought I might be. But I will be thinking of you and will be with you in spirit anyway. I realize how much the Christmas spirit or one's feeling about the celebration of Christmas is associated with one's traditions and past Christmases and also with the weather. Without the snow, the visual preparation and festivities, and Christmas carols, I don't feel the same kind of Christmas spirit or that it really is Christmas. But it is Christmas, and it will just be a very different and Indian kind of Christmas. And I think the Christmas spirit is very much present within the children and women here in the orphanage; its just the weather, sounds and sight that make it so different.

The last two evening sat prayer I have been teaching the children Away in the Manger. They learn very quickly and I love hearing them sing it with their special accent. They are so responsive and attentive. They all cluster around and their smiles and eyes pull at your heart and make you want to hug them all and make a home for them. When you see how much they respond to just a smile or

glance, or being able to tell you their name or show something or bring me something, I realize how much they need and want the attention of an adult. Still they seem happy in the atmosphere here - playing outside, doing all the chores- and they are close to each other, sort of like a huge family with lots of brothers and sisters, or like a camp all year round.

The last couple of days I have gone into Trichur in the afternoon (Kalathode is on the outskirts of Trichur) and have bought little presents for all the children. I've learned how to take the bus in now- I was proud to also get back with it since the sign on the front of the buses are all in Malayalam .I still take an auto rickshaw (the three-wheeler, sort of like riding in a Dodgem) back if its a very crowded time of day or if one happens to be going by on the way in. But they don't worry about me anymore when I go in.

The first time I went in by myself they phoned Mrs. Mooken when I hadn't come back in a couple of hours fearing I was lost. I am also learning or trying to practice ignoring all the amazed and astounded looks on peoples' faces in walking anywhere by concentrating on things and places, or just getting somewhere.
Of course the people are much more interesting and I guess they feel the same in looking at me. I usually can smile or laugh with the people but sometimes as a reaction itself I do start feeling tired.

Next to this is a very small house where Mrs.Mooken's father lives. He has a wood cutting – splitting operation going on next to his house + there always seems to be a man there cutting up large stumps & like pieces, you would enjoy it Daddy. They use a lot of wood in the kitchen for cooking & he also sells it. You can smell the smoke and wood smell at meal times and even the water which they boil for me & keep a large bottle on the table, has a nice wood-smoke flavor. Mary likes his baldhead & he always greets me in the Indian

manner with the palms & fingers flat together as in a prayer in front of his face. At night there is usually a little fire going on his front porch where he sits with another man, or an oil lamp. No electricity.

Through the field next to his house I often see children coming with large piles or bundles of hay or grass on their heads almost as big as they are. Both boys and girls learn to carry things on their heads at a very young age. The girls also use the scythes to cut the grass. There is a little room next to the hospital, which sells rice & other staples, also part of the orphanage activities. In the long prayer room in the main building women are sewing petticoats to wear under the sarees, with foot peddle sewing machines, which are also sold for the orphanage. Bright colors, long with a ruffle around the bottom. They also make umbrellas.

Now I have been hearing sounds of children playing different instruments all around & I am happy with my gift ideas for the children as they are enjoying them & can share them & learn on them. Along with some little straw coin purses & boxes from a hand craft place, some ball point pens I had around the house, small soaps & bubble gum I brought along, I bought a couple of mouth organs, small bamboo flutes, little cymbals connected by a string, & little bells from a little shop I found in Trichur selling musical instruments, gave them Saturday to about 30 – 35 children who were staying at the orphanage over Christmas after the others had gone home Friday. I then realized there were many who actually had some kind of family or parent. I guess they don't have enough money to take care of them, see them once a month or so.

The secretary came up with a boy later Saturday who hadn't been there when I gave them out because he was out tending the cows. Tears were streaming down his face and chest though he tried to hide it. I was surprised it would mean so much (I still had a pen).

He is one of my favorite boys. He climbs the tree outside my window and picks jackfruit for me. Makes very inventive things from seeds, etc. and loves to play with Mary.
Love, Polly

January 9-11, 1980

Dear Mother and Daddy,

It was so good to get back to the orphanage after my trip south. Your two good letters were waiting for me and the package for Mary had come. We both thank you for baby's first books...they are so cute and she loves patting the pages, especially of the one about the puppies, I think maybe she recognizes them as there is a black dog here that had four little puppies that she would get very excited about and loved to feel and hold them (they're gone now). Last night the girls across the hall were all looking at them and enjoying them too. They are so interested and observant in looking at anything I have, noticing how it is made, how it may be different or what it is for. They are so nice and joyful, fun-loving and are usually in my room in the evening after their work or in and out, and in the mornings to my windows while they are getting ready. They are crazy about Mary and are always thinking of things to do with her or taking her to their room etc. There are six of them that sleep in a room across from me and next to the room Sosamma has to herself. Four of them work across in the press and two sew downstairs and help with the children. They always look so pretty and fresh in their saris and sometimes when they are getting dressed and ready they will put a little colored dot that Indian women wear in the middle of their forehead, on Mary.

Mrs. Mooken opened the package with Mary when it came and likes the books from her grandparents too. I found the little card 'with

love to your new grandchild' and gave it to Mary and she likes it too, especially chewing on the nice woolen tassel. It is interesting how fascinated she is with anything she finds or picks up, turning it all around and examining it thoroughly. I love to watch her and dont want to be away from her that long again .She is doing little new things all the time and seemed to actually have grown in the two weeks I was away. She had also learned to clap her hands together by herself whereas before she would just let you clap them for her. When I first came she was fascinated with looking at her hands when I fed her bottle, would hold them up turning them around and moving them in different ways. Now she doesn't seem to do that so much. I wondered how much or if she would remember me when I came back.....when I walked down the road there were some people and someone was holding her and at first I didn't quite recognize her. She didn't see me at first and I was talking with someone else who had come up before; then when she suddenly looked and recognized me she looked so surprised and examined and studied me intently with her eyes and hands for a long long time... and then finally was smiling and making noises and waving her arms the way she does when she is pleased with things. Before Christmas I showed the photos I brought with me to everyone. The women who work here were all fascinated, I had quite a bunch altogether. They wanted to know just who everyone was and loved looking at them and would come in and ask to see them if they hadn't. They especially liked one you had given me last summer of me and you, Daddy, standing by a pond and fishing when I was about ten, and laughed to see me as a girl and in braids "like an Indian girl". Mary also seemed very interested in people looking at them and seemed to sense they had something to do with her, with everyone saying this is your grandmother and grandfather, and aunt and uncle and cousin, etc. ...she also liked shuffling them around. Whenever I first met people here that was one of the first questions they always ask, about my mother and father, brothers, sisters. Families stay in the same place

and tend to live together much more here. And Sosamma keeps saying in Malayalam and English the names of all the relatives she is going to have. I talked to a travel agent when I was in Cochin and he will book both my British Airways and also the Indian Airlines flight from Cochin to Bombay, once I know just when I can make it. The earliest looks like it would be the end of January if I'm lucky. Once I get the court documents at the third hearing, it will take ten days to get the passport, and at the same time I will be sending another copy of the documents to Immigration in Minneapolis and they will cable the visa to Madras. I talked to the lawyer by myself in Cochin before the first court hearing and was able to have a much more thorough understanding and conversation than with others there speaking Malayalam. I was pleased that he thought I might be able to have the documents by around the middle of January (I have to phone him again the end of this week). He is very nice and is pushing things through as fast as they can go because I am here, and said this case will be a record in taking the least time of any. But it still has to follow the certain time procedures of the court. Anyway I do think that things are moving along at the normal pace here.

And I do know that what everyone keeps saying to Unny Mary in Malayalam, that she is going to fly to America, will finally happen.

January 15, Trichur

Dear Mother and Daddy,

Your letter written January first arrived yesterday and Mary and I readit together with her clapping her hands and exclaiming with glee and trying to get it away from me.....

The Chaldean Syrian Christmas is on January seventh; it is the church Mrs. Mooken belongs to and some of the other people. I was sorry to miss the midnight service at their church the night before the seventh and think they also did something at the rphanage, but it was when I was coming back from Trivandrum and stopped over in Cochin to see the lawyer. Mrs Mooken also had a dinner that day at her house which I would have made a point of getting back for if I'd known I was expected but it was again one of those instances of misunderstanding and difficulty in communication that is always coming up for me in situations because of the language etc. Trying to understand and be understood, and simply finding out information, takes a lot of effort because of that difficulty. Tonight I phoned the lawyer again thinking I could come down this week to make a deposit to the court that has to be done before one of the hearings and before the documents are issued, but he now said something was posted the 23rd and he could first let me know the evening of the 23red when I can come to do that.

January 23, Trichur

I went to Coyalmannum last Thursday and came back Sunday night. Good to get out in country again always cool breeze there through trees and across rice fields, mountains. Beautiful bus ride going there and back through green fields, hills, woods, rubber plantations, small villages with thatched houses. Rivers with women washing clothes, beating them on rocks, water buffalo submerged to their heads and backs getting cool. It felt great to really feel the wind and feel cool. Alexanders may come to Cochin the end of this week to get oxygen tank that was being repaired and if they do I hope to drive back with them with Mary for a couple of days. I want to get her used to being just with me and going and travelling before the big trip. She is very good and so much fun to be with...and just to watch. So observant, aware of everything going on. I just love her. She will turn her head toward me now if Sosamma or anyone else says

mommy, where's your mommy? She does crawl and now pulls herself up on things and stands. Cant stand alone without falling. Has really just gotten to standing since I've been here. She makes all kinds of sounds and its fun talking with her. Right now I'm sitting in Mrs. Mooken's room downstairs waiting for the lawyer to phone. Its eight thirty and there's a movie and crowd going on right outside in front of the orphanage and hope i can hear. The movie now is on using a steel plow rather than wooden one behind the bullocks. The agricultural college in Trichur sends students here for two weeks doing irrigation project in the fields and also have movies each night.

January 24, Thursday AM

Mary asleep on bed. The lawyer didn't phone last night, very frustrating waiting so long for phone calls and wondering when, not being able to get through etc. Will try tonight again if don't hear today. Agriculture professor and students have invited me over to see the ag. college nearby. Very nice. They and children at orphanage all working on projects, repairs etc. for ten days. Oxen with big wooden wheels, carts full of earthen bricks. Children carrying long bamboo. Now I understand people carrying umbrellas and don't think its just quaint. Carry one myself when go into Trichur. Cool in mornings but by midday and in afternoon very hot. I didn't realize how hot until I had splitting headache for three days when I was in Cochin Since I never have headaches I finally realized that was what it was from as it would come back about noon each day. Its hotter than you think. Mary will also eat small amounts from a spoon now. She loves the little spoon that was mine you gave me which I have on a chain and she plays with it. I give her small amounts of what I have...she likes rice and loves eating an orange with me. One of my favorite things is a pancake/bread thing called opam, for breakfast which you dip in coconut milk. She loves it too and likes to play with the ruffles. They feed me so well here and I want to learn some

of the things. Coffee at six ;breakfast at 8:30;dinner at l:00;coffee or tea at 4;and supper at 8. But I would feel better just eating with all of them and eating whatever they eat and not have so much special attention for 'madama'. Rice is the mainstay for everyone and I get that too but also a lot of other special dishes I'm sure they dont make for themselves and the children. The children eat back by the kitchen, there are long tables,. The fireplace is huge with big wood fires underneath huge brass and copper vessels...handsome and handbeaten. The girls across the hall were all talking about who would be able to go down to Cochin with Ammachi (that is what they call Mrs. Mooken here....it means mother) to see me and Mary off on the plane. One of the girls, Mary, who works in the press has never seen a plane or airport before so hope she can go.

Friday, January 25, 1980 Trichur

Finally talked to lawyer last night. Phoned him late after waiting all day. He had phoned the night he said he would but it was very late and no one answered. I feel relieved and exhausted to finally know more. The third hearing will be this Monday the 28th and the petition will either be allowed or dismissed and I will be appointed guardian if it is allowed. I will go to Cochin on the 30th to execute a bond with the court and Andrews Mooken will be there too as my power of attorney. The lawyer will let me know on the 30th when the final court orders and documents will be issued (which I then send to the U. S.). It will probably be within that first week of February but he can not tell me until that date. Since it takes ten days to get the passport after I get the document, and also sending the documents to the U.S. and getting the visa back would take at least two weeks at the very minimum, that would mean it would definitely be after February 5th that I would be able to leave. I assume somewhere between the l5th and the end of February. With going to Madras etc. and knowing how slow everything else is it would probably be more toward the end of February. I already feel a relief

that this is a turning point in knowing this much and being able to look forward to definite dates.

February

Some of what I wrote during this time may give a small glimpse into the life of the orphanage, which, beyond the structure of daily schedules for staff and children of work, school, meals and prayer, was always bursting with other activities, events and happenings, the comings and goings of many people. People whose lives with their joys and sorrows, difficulties and achievements, flowed freely under the steady, knowing direction of Mrs. Mooken, Ammachi, mother to all.

Monday, January 28, 1980

'Many people here this morning for agriculture seminar. Sosamma told me to go down when I heard band start. Sat with Ammachi holding Unni Mary. I like being next to her. Mary loves her, playing with her face and her cross. Waving arms in the air looking up to the sky. Very happy. Ammachi is a beautiful woman, full of emotion, laughing, strong. I want to remember her voice, her ways, seeing her hold and love little Mary. Her warmth and the feeling of strength in her voice, her presence and actions.

Wednesday January 23

What a relief not to go to Cochin again as I had been planning. To lie here in the cool room with Mary asleep. The heat and hustle of going and being in the town make me exhausted. I have done that enough now. Cochin, Trivandrum, Trichur. I don't need to anymore. I love hearing the quiet stirring of the breeze, the wind in the tamarind tree, the jackfruit tree, and feel the coolness on me ;lying here. No more sorting in the railway station, bus station, wandering. I belong here.'

Thursday January 24

Finally I know. Talked with him last night. Third hearing will be the 30th. Come in morning. Case posted or order, petition will be allowed or dismissed. If allowed will be appointed guardian, will be directed to deposit money and execute bond.

Will let me know then when final documents will be issued. Now I need to write and organize everything I need to do before next Wednesday the 30th.

January 29, Tuesday 12 noon.

Mary still asleep, long nap. Organized bags, papers, letters etc. or trip to Cochin, lawyer. Opam and coconut milk for breakfast. Picture of Mary with bouquet Ammachi got last night from agriculture students. She loved looking at it, taking out some of the little flowers. When I woke up this morning she was still asleep and I watched her for a long time seeing how she starts waking up. Sleep now good for her cold. 3:30 Sarida and Mary playing in prayer room. Mary very friendly outgoing. Sarida crying. Tonight we played with Omana and Annie in corridor outside our room. Laughing so much. I love Mary's laugh, such gusto, full exuberant joy in her.

January 30 Wednesday

Train to Cochin at 6:30 I'm making what feels like a final trip. Actually doing something concrete. Deposit to court. Pure luck with me this morning, auto rickshaw just happened to be going by when I went to road dark and early. Perfect timing. Train already in station when got to RR. Went right through gate and got on. Orange sun rising over coconut trees out left window; same time I would be holding Mary at top of stairs.

January 31 Order was not formally pronounced needs to be done in court. Call Joseph next Wednesday evening.

February.7 Final order granting petition. Meet at court.

Tuesday February 12. Train to Madras Conductor very nice. Gave me berth by window. See stars, big dipper upside down. Phoned Joseph before leaving, usual confusion. At Dwaraka ate dosai, coffee, ice cream.

Wednesday Feb. 13 8:15 Katpadi. Coffee, biscuits and bananas for breakfast in little village stop. Sharp mountain formations, dry land. 4:30 US Consulate, Madras.

Thurs. Feb. 14 Physical exam. Mary before consulate. Consular, Mr. Vishwanatan.

Letter from Holland

It was on 15th March 1986 that David; a two-and-a-half years old orphan-boy who lived in the Mar Timotheus Orphanage, Trichur arrived by plane at Schipol Airport, Holland.

He was granted to the custody of our family. We, Atty and Alie Duyn, have two daughters and there is a place in our house for an orphan-child; therefore we adopted David as our own child. After completing the legal adoption procedure, we thought it would be good to come and stay in contact with the people who took care for David during the first years of his life. And consequently, we came in contact with his Most Revd. Bishop Mar Aprem, the patron of the orphanage In the court order for the adoption— procedure we read also the name of Mrs. J.D. MOOKEN as the superintendent of the orphanage.

Then, we learned also that she was the Mother of Mar Aprem. We

understood that Mrs. Mooken gave her life to the motherless, despite the fact that she had ten children of her own. We had always good contacts with the orphanage, and because Mrs. Mooken was older, we contacted also with her son Mar Aprem , who has visited our family four times now, when Holland could be taken up in his traveling programme, In September 1996, I (father) visited India for one month for an orientating travel with a view to the moment that we shall visit India with our family.

On 2nd October 1996 I met Mrs. Mooken, who lived at that moment in the Hostel for Working Women. Mrs. Mooken donated the land on which this building is situated as well as the land for the orphanage. Moreover, she lived among the orphans and in the last time of her life with the working women.

It was for me a great honour to meet this very kind woman who gave an important part of her live to others. We shall always be thankful for the fact that she took care for David and we shall be able to continue this care with the grace of God.

With regret we learned that she died 27th December 1997 some days after she received a letter and recent photos from our family and David.

With the greatest respect,
Duyn family, Holland, Alie, Atty and David

Some parents who adopted children from the Mar Timotheus Orphanage remember with gratitude the services rendered by Mrs. J.D.Mooken. They keep me informed about the progress these adopted children make. The latest is the Christmas message received in December 2001 from Holland telling me about the academic achievement of the 18-year-old David.

Dear Mar Aprem

Christmas is coming we wish you and the yours a good time in peace. Also all people in the Orphanage of course.

Last summer David succeeded for his diploma " Fast-food Specialist". He had good job in a restaurant at Zutphen. This restaurant is connected with the college R.O.C. where David learned one day a week. After one year, the contract with the teaching - restaurant has to be ended so that a new pupil can start. However, the restaurant-owner asked David to stay some months longer but last week a new apprentice was installed.

As you saw, Miranda with her daughter Deborah is happier than before. Unfortunately Miranda has an eye-illness, owing she can only see with one eye. We hope that the healthy eye may be saved!

Saskia was still living with Marthijn in a small flat. She still is a teacher and Marthijn is running a computer-engineering company. They built a new house, also at Zwolle and they moved some week ago. Winter season started here with some nights and days below zero.

On 11th September last, we saw the catastrophe at W.T.C. New York and we see also the reaction from U.S.A. at Afghanistan.

Some years ago we received a kind letter from Mr. Ignatius from the Orphanage.

May God bless you and us all!!
Kind regards from your family at Holland.

Alie, Atty and David Duijn,
Nachtegaalstrat 32, 7211 GP EEFDE, HOLLAND

Letter from Leukerts in Germany

Your Grace,

I sent you a letter or card last Christmas with my comments regarding your wonderful Mother. Perhaps the letter did not arrive. I will try again.

I left Munich, Germany, on 15th September 1982, along with the Eisenhofer Family. We were flying to India to pick-up our two children, Rosily and Paulson (now Timothy Paulson), knowing also that the children had to be adopted (or fostered) first.

We flew to Damascus and then to Bombay. If I may mention here, Damascus Airport was a cultural shock for me. I saw for the first time a lady swathed in black and wondered if she had just returned from a funeral. People were literally lying around the dirty airport and a worker was doing his best to mop the mud from one end of the airport to the other. Boarding the plane was literally survival of the fittest, however, being a Scot, I am of wiry stock.

We missed the connection in Bombay and had to spend a night there. On Friday, 17th September, we left Bombay for Cochin, South India. We took a taxi from the Airport to the M.T.M. Orphanage, Kalathode, Trichur, which took two and a half hours. We had been warned not to take a taxi but we decided we would try it. As expected, the driver said he needed petrol and money to pay but we said he would see our money when we reached our destination.

I remember seeing Mrs. Mooken's kind face when we stepped out of the taxi. My first impression was that she could deal with the taxi driver. Her eyes twinkled in a very friendly manner and she made me feel secure.

When it was time to allocate us rooms, I was not happy with the situation because where I was to sleep, it seemed so terribly dark and I was quite a distance away from my friends. Without saying much, Mrs. Mooken put the situation quickly into order and gave me a room, which had stored saris, next door to the Eisenhofers. I had a nice single bed and even a little private toilet (for me five star).

I was told that while Paulson awaited adoptive parents and was still very young, Mrs. Mooken shared her room with him. He was given a hammock, and she lulled him to sleep in it. However, she did not only get along with Paulson - she had a good relationship with all the children and even although she exercised authority over the young workers in the Orphanage, she dealt with them fairly.

Mrs. Mooken is the one I (and also the Eisenhofers) need to thank that we were able to legally take the children to Germany.
All sorts of problems arose, to include Court holidays, a sudden necessity for a Home Study from Trivandrum to be done and also preceded by a letter to Bombay. I was informed at this time that there are (or were) nine parties in Kerala, which form a coalition. These include different religious denominations. The Chief Minister at that time was Hindu and it was difficult to get a decision.

During all this time, Mrs. Mooken remained calm and collected and extremely helpful. She knew that the children would have a greater chance in Germany of receiving a good education and she also knew that I and my family are born again Christians and would continue teaching him in the Word, which had already been started in the Home. I loved to hear the children singing their songs to Jesus and they obviously enjoyed it too.

In between times, Mrs. Mooken visited persons with us who were in the position to help us. Our lawyer, Mr. Dias, often joined us and we

went together for a vegetarian meal. This is another point I have to make. The Eisenhofers and I were not really vegetarians but were just over-careful about what we ate.

Without question or annoyance, we were taken to the only one existing large vegetarian restaurant in the area. That speaks love to me.

As Person-In-Charge of the Home, she gave us information as to how the Home was run, growing its own food in the garden, running a Kindergarten for wealthier children, making saris and printing a newspaper in order to finance the venture. That gave me an insight into the organisation involved in running an orphanage.

I had the privilege of meeting quite a few of Mrs. Mooken's children. The Archbishop Mar Aprem helped us in many ways and invited us to many of the Church services and activities. Mrs. Mooken's family respected her very much and she enjoyed a wonderful rapport with them.

During our stay, reporters visited us from the Daily **Express**, Trichur. They interviewed and photographed us. I found this rather nerve-racking as we did not know how the hearings would develop. Again, I received quiet comfort from the Lady-In Charge and felt sure that she was praying for the outcome.

I feel that it is very important for children to hear the Word of God early in their lives, coupled with a sense of security, enough to eat and drink, and caring people around them. This was most definitely the aim of the Orphanage and we will discover in Eternity just how many of them went on with the Lord.

During my visit to India, all the people around me, to include those working in the Orphanage, did their very best to make me and the Eisenhofers feel welcome, get to know their surroundings, the work

of the Church, the organization of the Orphanage and see what was being done for abandoned or orphaned children. Mrs. Mooken impressed me in many ways as doing her job to the best of her ability and giving God the glory. May I take this opportunity of saying thank you to all those above-mentioned persons. I hope that the work in the Orphanage can continue as long as it is needed.

Diane Leukert, 25.December.2001

CHILDHOOD

Little Mary was born on 3 October 1915 in Trichur, which is now known as Thrissur in the erstwhile Cochin State. After the Independence of India from the British rule in 1947 it was called Travancore–Cochin State. Since 1956 it is called Kerala state after some districts from Madras state were transferred to our state on the basis of language that is Malayalam. It is spoken by less that 30 million people. In Indian English we should say 3 crore and not 30 million. All readers who are interested to know about India better learn the following two Indian words, namely lakh and crore. Ten lakhs make one million. Ten millions make one crore.

Mariam or Kochumariam (little Mary) was the first born of the four children. Four is a small number. Many parents had ten or more children at that time. When Mariam was 13, she was married to Kochu Devassy (Little Devassy) who was 18 years old. He too was the first child in his family. As both parents were known to each other belonging to the same church they arranged the marriage of their firstborns. For Kochu devassy it was also the wedding of his father's brother Antony Mooken. So the Mooken family made a double wedding. Unexpectedly the grandmother of Kochudevassy (Mother of the other bride groom Antony) died a few days before this double wedding. There was a proposal to postpone the wedding. But arrangements for the wedding were over and hence the wedding went through as decided.

She writes about her childhood;

"I was born on October 3, 1915 as the first daughter of my parents, Parapully Anthonykutty and Mathiri. There was something special about my birth. Usually the first child is born in the home of the mother. As the sister of my mother was suffering from small pox,

my mother was brought to my father's home for delivery and I was born in my father's home. My father was the eldest child of his father. My father had six sisters after him. At the time of my birth everybody was hoping that the eldest son's child would be a boy. But my mother delivered her first born, a baby girl. Yet my grandfather raised me up as a boy.

I developed a sickness called measles. Both allopathy and ayurveda doctors stated that I will not be completely free from this sickness until I completed 16 years of age. Yet I spent all my time with my father's father. This helped me to get good knowledge on various things. As my grandfather was a businessman there was always helper with him. He was something like a business agent for him. He used to ask many questions and my grandfather used to reply him. Listening to these conversations I got a lot of knowledge.

Although I joined in the school I could not attend the classes most of the days. When my younger sister joined school we both used to get promotion every year. I will give a clock and some gifts to my class teachers every year for getting promotion to the higher class. When I completed 13 years of age I was promoted to the 6th class. At that time came a marriage proposal. Up to that time everyday my mother will feed me and clothe me and send me to school. Now I have to go to the husband's house. I do not know any work in the kitchen. Since my health was not good an agreement was made that I would stay in my home for three years after the marriage. I think that to marry young girls of 13 is a cruel act of the parents.

The first day after marriage I was fed and clothed and sent to the husband's house with a servant and my grandmother. The next day itself I was brought back to my house as per the agreement."

After the marriage little Mary was embarrassed to go to school. She

was in the 6th class. The school system at that time consisted of classes or grades1 to 10. The student who joins class 1 at the age of 5 or 6 graduates from the high school at about 15 or 16. The girls stopped education usually with marriage. So very few girls completed the school level or went to college. Mary was studying in a school run by the Catholic nuns. So she went to the convent to learn cooking and stitching. It helped her to stitch clothes for the many chidren she had. This special training under the sisters also made her a good cook for her husband and children.

Although married at 13 she had her first baby when she was 18. Thereafter she had a baby about every two years. The writer of this book was the fourth. A man who used to wish well for the babies looking at the horoscope came and predicted that this boy (the fourth child) had a royal future. He would put a crown on his head. My father was delighted and wrote on the horoscope book King George Emperor. At that time George VI (father of the present queen Elizabeth) was the emperor of India.

When the fourth baby was born my parents decided to live separately from their parents. My father bought an old house with about 1.25 acres and rebuilt the house. While construction was going on our family moved out of the ancestral home and lived in a rented house in the Mission Quarters near the Travellers' Bungalow. The fifth child Abimalek was born there. The Metropolitan of our church at that time was Mar Abimalek Timotheus (1878-1945). Our family was close to the Metropolitan. Hence the fifth baby was named after him. The Metropolitan himself conducted the baptism.

When the construction of our present family home was completed Mar Timotheus Metropolitan came to conduct the house warming. It was called Abbi Villa in honour of Mar Abimalek Timotheus Metropolitan. My mother had a wish that her son Abi would become a priest.

Kochumariyam was the chief construction engineer of Abi Villa. She never went to College. But she had the ability to learn engineering or any other field. She used to make bar soap and sell. She used to buy pencils, erasers etc needed for the children in bulk, a packet 144 each. She would pack them in small packets of 12 each and sell it and make money. She had good business acumen. She made candles and sold them through one or two agents who would go on bicycles to small shops and sell them. She was always doing something.

She used to read only good books. Some women in our community do not read at all. They think that they are busy in the kitchen and take care of the children, now they have only two children instead of the ten or more as many in the last generation had. She used to read the Bible and good religious books. At 6 am she started the day with the morning prayers and at 7.30 p.m. she had evening prayers. These prayers took half an hour. She used to read from the prayer book written by Mar Timotheus Metropolitan. She knew many of the prayers and psalms by heart.

It was Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens 1835-1910), the American humorist, who said, " The man who does not read good books has no advantage over the man who cannot read." What is mentioned about man is true of women too. Unfortunately now many housewives waste their time in reading some weekly publications that have some short stories, cartoons, tips on hairstyle etc.

She insisted that all her ten children should go to church on all Sundays. All should study in Sunday school. She became a Sunday school teacher. She enquired every Sunday what we were studying in the Sunday classes. Most of her children got first prize in annual Sunday school examinations. She wanted us to read Bible stories, magazines and Christian books.

Sister Annie Paul was my nursery school teacher in the neighbouring Bethel Ashram in 1944. She used to visit our home and pray with our mother. When our father had to go to Madras on business for a few weeks at a time, my mother had to perform the duty of the father and mother. Since she had ten children she was never lonely. Still her father used to visit us whenever our father was away.

Our mother wanted the character of all her children to be excellent. When some of our coconut trees were not yielding properly, some people advised my mother to give the coconut trees for tapping. A man would climb the coconut trees daily and tap the young coconuts and let the sap of it drip into an earthen container. Then the tappers would climb down and collect the toddy in one big jar to be delivered in the toddy shop. By evening this toddy will ferment and become a drink. If one drinks a bottle he can become drunk.

Only a glass of toddy, however, will not result in intoxication. In the morning when it is tapped from the coconut tree, it is sweet and not intoxicating. We children befriended the toddy tapper. He used to pour a half glass of his sweet toddy for our use. We children began to like the sweet taste. Realizing this future danger she stopped giving the trees for tapping. By the grace of God our coconut trees began to produce good coconuts. She protected her children from developing any predisposition to alcoholism.

She prayed for her children not only for health but also for keeping them from drinking and smoking. Although she had not gone to the high school, she saw to it that all her ten children went to college. That was the dream of father too. I do not know whether she loved me more than other siblings. She was definitely happy that I was going to be clergyman.

When I was 17 years old the Metropolitan of our Church asked me

to go to study for B.D.degree. My father said that I could do it after I completed 18 years of age. Then I would be responsible for my decision. The Church did not pay well for our clergymen. My father said that I should not curse him in his old age when I would not get enough to eat. When my brothers and sisters live comfortably I would not have that material comfort serving the church. I wanted my mother to persuade my father to let me go for B. D. (Bachelor of Divinity) degree.

He said that I could go for any other degree. Or, I could become an engineer and earn good money. Clergyman cannot expect a comfortable living. I prayed and prayed. Finally I went to my parents. My father didn't have any objection in my becoming a clergyman. Yet he preferred that such a decision for a life of sacrifice would be better made after I had completed the age of 18. That would mean one year more. Finally my mother came to my rescue. She said, "God has given us ten children; let us give one-tenth to the service of the Lord".

Kochumariam (Little Mary) wanted to get out of her house to serve others. She joined *Mahila Samajam*, the Ladies society of our Church. She helped in founding the Bethania Ashram. She was active in the fund raising programme. Yet her heart was to start an Orphanage. She approached Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan to see about starting an orphanage. She requested the Metropolitan to allow an unused land of the church for starting the orphanage. The Metropolitan suggested that she should approach the Central Trustees of the church. Nothing materialized.

In November 1961 the supreme head of our Church His Holiness Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII wanted to visit our church in South India when he was planning to attend the World Council of Churches Assembly in New Delhi. My mother approached the Metropolitan

to do something to speed up her dream for an orphanage. Metropolitan asked her, "Why can't deacon's mother give her land?" I was already ordained a deacon on 25 June 1961. My mother had land at Kalathode about 2 miles from Trichur. It was a pledged property to the bank. Therefore she got 75 cents of land free from the pledge by transferring the loan to the remaining portion of land. The 75 cents she donated to the Church and handed over the deed to the Patriarch which he handed over to the Metropolitan.

I was studying in England for theological training in St. Boniface College, Warminster, Wiltshire,. That was a postgraduate course of King's College, London University. When I heard that my mother donated ¾ acre of land for the construction of an Orphanage I wrote to her that she should not take the heavy burden of collecting money and constructing a building etc. The example of the Seminary was the reasoning behind my suggestion.

Athleta O.T.Inasu donated 52 acres of cashew plantation to build a seminary for the church. As there was nobody willing to come forward for the construction, he himself collected some money with a committee and used his own money to complete construction. Afterwards he was asked to submit the accounts and satisfy other committee members. He was disappointed. Because others were interested only in questioning him and not helping him. In bitterness he resigned the secretary ship of the Seminary committee.

Nobody came forward to take the responsibility for collecting funds for the Orphanage. The Metropolitan asked, why not "Shamasha mother" take the responsibility. The Metropolitan used to call my mother "Shamasha mother", as I was a *shamasha* (it is the Syriac word for deacon) at that time. Because there were so many women with the name Mary as it was in the time of Jesus, his mother Mary, Mary Magdalene, the other Mary and so on. She had changed her

name Mrs. Mary Mooken to Mrs. J.D.Mooken when her husband changed his name from M.K.Devassy to J.D.Mooken.

She donated her land as suggested by the Metropolitan. Of course she took permission from her husband. She had purchased this land along with her sister Catherine from the savings she used to make from the family earnings. As expected some people became jealous. After Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan had left India in September 1968 some people began to criticize her for almost everything she did. An ordinary person would have resigned and gone. Mrs. J.D.Mooken was a different type of person. She was suffering for these little ones. It was the command of Christ.

Financial difficulties were plenty. The Church did not pay a penny to run this Orphanage. During the construction of the building the church members gave some small amounts. She borrowed money and returned the debts when she got grant from the government on 31st March every year. Even the grant from the government was meager. It was Rs.60 per child a month (about $ 3 at that time). It was with prayer and faith that she was able to provide daily bread for the children in the Orphanage. Some times non- Christians remembered this great service for the poor and gave a lunch for a day to celebrate their birthday or some such special occasion.

Like a mother who cares for her own children she cared for these unfortunate ones. There were no adoptions. Therefore there were no foreign visitors to this orphanage. It was in 1979 the first adoption abroad took place. Polly Reuling came from America. Her impressions are recorded in this book. She was impressed by the prayer life and the fellowship in the orphanage. There is a personal relationship developed between Polly and Mrs. Mooken whom she calls *ammachi.* That is a Malayalam word for mother used mainly in Travancore area. In Trichur area we use the word amma. She was a mother to many.

Now help from Bharath Aid, an organization in Sweden, which knew my mother came to visit the Orphanage. Mrs Frederickson from Sweden had arranged for the adoption of five or six babies for adoption in Sweden. She wanted to take my mother to Sweden. I discouraged Mrs. Frederickson because of the language problem. Mrs. Frederickson argued that there was no language problem. There were interpreters in early centuries when missionaries and others travelled to strange countries. I was not convinced of the arguments of Mrs. Frederickson. Therefore my mother did not go to Sweden.

After the death of Mrs. Frederickson, Mr. Carlson came to the Orphanage and offered to help the children in the Orphanage. My mother explained to them the need. She explained to them the government grant wasn't sufficient to manage even half of the month. Finally Bharath Aid started to help the M.T.M.Orphanage. Consequently my mother informed the government that they decided not to receive the government grant as they were receiving the grant from Sweden. She managed to get permission from the Home Ministry to receive foreign donations. The Government of India wanted to know how the foreign funds are utilised. The government says such restrictions are necessary for the security of the nation. There are some organizations receiving foreign funds to encourage terrorist activities. Orphanages cannot equip orphans to be terrorists.

In October 1990 Mrs.J.D. Mooken completed 75 years of age. She wrote a brief autobiography of her endeavours for the Sunday school, Mar Timotheus Orphanage, Hospital, Working Women's hostel.

We read in our prayer book that the lifespan of a man or woman is 70 or 80. I am entering into my 76th year. When we all reach this age we should prepare our hearts to go to our Saviour . Therefore in this old age I felt that I should write down a small record of facts related to the Orphanage, Hospital, Working Women's Hostel etc. Let some good people know the facts about these institutions.

That is the reason why I decided to write down all details about these institutions and write them down as a book for historical records.

In 1959 I purchased about five acres of land. It cost me only Rs.9000. Afterwards I heard that Mar Shimun, Catholicos Patriarch, is visiting Trichur in November-December 1961. When I heard this I wanted that the Catholicos Patriarch himself should lay the foundation stone for the first Orphanage in our Church, There was a great desire to establish an Orphanage during the time of Mar Abimalek Tinotheus who died on 30 April 1945. We could not accomplish this plan as there were a lot of problems in the church.

My 10th child was born in May 1955 when I was nearly 40 years old. Holding this baby in my lap I prayed to God that if I am free from further deliveries I would give my time and attention for starting an Orphanage. Afterwards I did not deliver. I did not know what to do.

In1959 Rev. Dr. E. Stanley Jones, American Methodist missionary, had arrived to preach at a convention in the Mar Yohannan Mamdhana Church, East Fort. In his sermon he said that each one of you should make a new decision and write it down in your Bible. When that sermon was over I saw some Bibles were being sold near there. I went near there and stood. I had not taken money with me to buy a Bible. I was ashamed to borrow money from strangers. A priest of our church came unto me and asked why I was standing like that. I told him that I wanted to buy a Bible. But I did not bring money with me. The priest told me that there was no problem. He told the people selling Bible to give a Bible to me and I would pay the next day. They immediately gave a Bible to me. As soon as I reached back home I wrote down in the Bible what I had in my mind.

It became known that Patriarch Mar Eshai Shimun was visiting India very soon. We decided that we should get Mar Eshai Shimun Patriarch to lay the foundation stone for the Orphanage. I had no idea where was the land for it. Or whom should we approach to have our plan. The Qudash Idtha festival of November of 1961 was close by. I was busy at home making the special sweets of this festival. On that busy morning Mrs. Annamma Mannnukaden, mother Fr.M.I.David (sister of Athleta O.T.Inasu) sent a person to me with a message that she was sick in bed and she wanted to see me urgently. She had something very important to say to me.

As I did not have any idea of the purpose of her message I rushed to her house worrying whether there was any emergency. As soon as she saw me she hugged me and kissed me. "Last night at 2 O Clock Mar Timotheus Metropolitan appeared to me, stood near my head and told me, "You must immediately call Mooken Kochumariyam. She will build an Orphanage in my name. The Metropolitan was wearing a white cassock."

I had no idea of what to do. I replied," Patriarch would come only in December. We can think about it after the festival is over."

Festival was over. We both began to think about it. We decided to discuss it with Mooken Thomakutty. One day Annama chedathy and myself went to the house of Mooken Thomakutty. We explained to him our desires and dreams. Then he replied that he would do the necessary things if we obtained permission from Mar Thoma Darmo to start an Orphanage in the name of Late Mar Timotheus Metropolitan. Although we became happy I was burdened in my heart about it. But Annamma did not realize that burden in my heart. Hence she was happy.

When we went to seek permission to Mar Thoma Darmo

Metropolitan I was very troubled, with great fear in my mind. When we reached the Metropolitan Palace Mar Thoma Darmo asked us, "Why did you come?" We replied that we have a great desire to have the foundation stone laid for an Orphanage on the occasion of the arrival of the Patriarch. We have come for that. The Metropolitan asked me, " How do you feed the orphans?" I replied, "I will plant 100 coconut trees."

When the Metropolitan heard my reply, he clapped his hands and granted my request with great happiness. Then he asked," Where will you build the Orphanage?" I replied that there was a lot of land in the compound of the Church in Puthur. There the church had already fixed a cross in the name of the late Mar Timotheus Metropolitan. My idea was that we could build the Orphanage in that land. Then Mar Thoma Darmo stated with happiness, " All people are saying that I am against the late Mar Timotheus. I have nothing against his name. I am happy to have an orphanage built in his name."

Again clapping his hand he said. "One thing. You will have to get permission from *Muthalali* (The Malayalam word means rich man. That is how Mar Thoma Darmo used to refer to Mr.Mooken Thomakutty). Is he not the Central Trustee? Let him donate first Rs 10,000. Then only you should start collecting donations from others." With these words he gave us permission. We both were delighted. We went to the house of Mooken Thomakutty chettan. We reported to him that the Metropolitan had given consent to start the Orphanage in the name of Mar Timotheus Metropolitan. He has sent us to you to get your permission.

Then Thomakutty chettan said. "You will need a committee when you construct it as it is for the Church. Then Mar Thoma Darmo will have to be the Chairman. Therefore it will be difficult at this

time. So it will not be possible at this time." With this comment he concluded his response. We returned home with great unbearable sorrow. When we reached home my husband asked, "What about the orphanage?"

Annamma chedathi burst into tears. I explained everything in detail. When he heard this he said," Did you not get permission from the Metropolitan? Now the problem is only about the land for construction." He looked at my face and said, "Why not you donate some portion of your land in Kalathode? Then why do you trouble yourself so much?" Annamma chedathi was happy. She said then we could work for it without delay and she departed in peace.

We began to worry whether we would get permission to construct the orphanage in this property. We gave a petition for permission from the Patriarch when he arrived here. We went to see the Patriarch when he was having lunch on a Friday afternoon. There was no permission for anybody to enter the Metropolitan's Bungalow. My petition was to give permission to construct the Sunday School in the five cents of land donated for the purpose.

My second request was to lay the foundation stone for the Orphanage in Kalathode. Mr. O.T. Inasu was standing outside the dining room. When we went he enquired the purpose of our visit. I handed over my petition to O.T.Inasu chettan and explained the purpose. Then that petition was given to the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan handed it over to the Patriarch.

Reply was given without any delay. At 10 a.m. on Monday first the foundation stone for the Orphanage in Kalathode. Then the foundation stone for the Sunday school in Kannankulangara.

When we ran out from there, we saw Annamma chedathi waiting

outside the gate as she was not given permission to enter inside. I told her I had permission. What will we do in two days? It was the time when the paddy field was not ready for harvest. How to destroy the rice cultivation? When we called the harvesting people requesting them to clear the paddy fields, they replied that they could not destroy the cultivation before it was ripe. The labourers said if we were to destroy this cultivation we would never be able to harvest in our lifetime. It is like killing small children, if we harvest the paddy before it is ripe.

What shall we do? Then we women took knives and sickles and cleared the paddy field with our hands. Then we had to clear the land for the Sunday school in Kannankulangara. There are only two days, Saturday and Sunday. There was no proper road to the Orphanage area in Kalathode. There are a lot of stones in the cultivation area. I began to telephone to many people for help. I telephoned to O.T.Inasu. It was in his hand I handed over the petition to the Patriarch. When I told him he and his family should come in the morning of Monday for the foundation stone laying ceremony, he began to speak with a loud voice. "What did you think who we were? Patriarch is not a person for anybody to seek permission. These are the arrogance of the women. Have you registered the land already? Or, is the foundation stone going to be laid in the land in your name?"

Then I replied, "Today, Saturday is a holiday. Tomorrow is Sunday. The office will open on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Patriarch decided to lay the foundation stone at that time. The patriarch fixed this time. I did not ask for it. I did not talk to the Patriarch. You are the person who handed over my petition to the Patriarch. Are you not the person who informed the reply of the patriarch? Then, can I ask the Patriarch according to my wish?" When he heard my reply he put the phone back.

Then I telephoned several prominent people of our church, but most of them did not like it. Why should the Patriarch lay the foundation stone for the Orphanage in the land I was donating, while there were other prominent people. Thus they were not happy. Finally I telephoned to Erinjery Kunjippu. I explained to him the actual situation. He responded by saying that I need not worry about anything.

On Monday morning 24 workers from his timber business would be there with a truckload of wooden planks. They would spread it on the way to the place of Foundation stone laying area like a temporary road. When I heard this I was convinced that the hand of our Lord Almighty was with me. The words I had written in my Bible in 1959 would be fulfilled. It became a lesson for me that the children of God are not the rich and prominent of this world.

The Sunday school teachers of Kannankulangara and some clergy including Fr. Pathrose Konikara were at Kannankulngara. I cannot recall all their names. I was in Kalathode. As for the Sunday school the teachers promised that they would do the needful there. On Saturday and Sunday we worked day and night. My children and my mother and father came to help me. My younger sister's house was there. My parents were staying with her. They prepared food for the workers and the volunteers. That was a great help and comfort. On Saturday and Sunday some loving women and children worked with me.

Exactly at 10 a.m. Patriarch accompanied by the Metropolitan and clergy came and laid the foundation stone for the Orphanage, They were happy. Then they went to Kannankulangara to lay the foundation stone for the Sunday school. Some of us, women, also went after them. After the foundation stone laying ceremony my temperature rose to 104 degrees Fahrenheit. I was totally exhausted

by the loss of sleep and hard work and worries of the two previous days and nights and was taken home. A doctor came and advised bed rest. I was in bed for a few days.

One afternoon a prominent person of our Church came to visit me. That person asked me ,"Why are you registering your land in the name of the Church? It is better to write the document in the name of the women of our church. Otherwise it will be danger in future." The registration was not over that day. My reply was, " I have written to Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan that this land will be donated in the name of the Church. Therefore it is not possible to change now, "

Later I began to think about it. To take care of the orphans was a great desire of my heart. At that time my children had started going away from me. I began to feel that the rich children are interested in their own future rather than taking care of their parents. At the same time there are a lot of poor children in the bus stands, in the railway stations, in front of the hotels eating the left over from the hotels along with street dogs. I have seen these children having no food to eat, no love from the parents. My desire was to bring those children.

If we build this institution it should stay till the end of the world. I asked several people the way and rules for it. They replied that we have to examine the law books for the same. We do not know anybody in Trichur who has done registration for a charitable institution. There is no office in Trichur. There is one such office in Ernakulam. I should go there to register the institution. I began to enquire. My younger sister told me that her mother-in-law's younger sister could be consulted. Her name was Itianum, sister of Panakal Kunjathu Ittoop. She was the headmistress of an school in Kunnamkulam.

I went to see her. She told me that it is better to do registration as a charitable society, then we will get grants from the government annually. Moreover nobody can claim it. It will remain till the end of the world with the help of the government. If somebody is creating trouble, we can write to this government and they will interfere and solve the problem. She advised me that even the document is in my name; as long as this charitable institution is run properly as per the rules, there will not be any problem. Afterwards a committee was formed as follows

Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan , patron.

1. Dr. Mrs. Dorothy Chacko (President)
2. Prof. Anna Varied Veerampully (Vice President)
3. Mrs.P.K.Rosa Cherukaren (secretary)
4. Mrs. C.J.Rosa Francis Peringai
5. Mrs. Annamma Mannukaden
6. Mrs. Kunjanam Mathunnny Kizhakoodan
7. Mrs.Kunjai Kunjippu Erinjery
8. Mrs Kochumariyam Kochappan Velathporinchu
9. Mrs Mathiri Anthonykutty Parapully
10. Mrs Kathrina Kochappu Thazhatha
11. Mrs J.D.Mooken, Treasurer

At that time the charitable registration office functioned in Trichur for 15 days. I took the rules of the Mar Timotheus Orphanage and the names of eleven committee members with signatures along with the signature of the Metropolitan Mar Thoma Darmo to the registration office. All these registration procedures were done with full consent of the Metropolitan.

Three months expired as I was thinking of the plans to construct a building. Then I went to the Metropolitans and asked his advice about the future plan of action.. He told me that there are a lot of

problems in the church. You start the work one by one. Then he said a prayer. He said that when Abraham took Isaac for sacrifice, God showed him a ram to be sacrificed, In the same manner God would show you that path. Hearing this I returned home.

What should I do next? So far I never asked donation. How would I do it? Who will come with me.? As I was thinking of it Mrs Kunjanam Mathunny Kizhakooden came to me and told me that she would come with me. We both began to collect donations from different homes. Immediately I started construction. Mrs. Annamma Mannukaden was not in Trichur at that time. All the committee members took Rs.1000 each.

Rev. M.I.David, who was a deacon then, came to watch the construction. People from different religions in our area gave donations for the construction of the building. When that amount was not enough we went to Palghat, Coimbatore, Cochin, Ernakulam etc. We five women would go in a car after drinking black coffee in the morning. We would return to our homes in the same evening. Sometimes we would not get donation even to pay for the taxi .

KANNANKULANGARA SUNDAY SCHOOL

Mrs Mooken was made the headmistress of the Mar Aprem Sunday School in Kannankulangara, just one kilometer away from the Mart Mariam Cathedral. There was no school building for holding the Sunday School classes. Let me provide a free English translation of what she had written about it.

I happened to hear a lot of loose talk from the people about the building where the Mar Aprem Sunday School is now held. It is necessary for all people to know something about that. The Sunday school was functioning there in the house of a family called Gnazhuvungal. We were conducting all our classes in the front room of that house. There was not enough space there for the Sunday school classes. Sunday afternoons the family was using that room for ironing the clothes.

My eldest son was the headmaster of that Sunday school. When he went to America for higher studies my son bishop who was a priest then became a headmaster. When he too left for studies in America I took over. (Let me correct the dates. If the above statement is correct the date must be 1966 when my brother and I went to America. I guess that the actual year was 1961. My brother Jos went to Nagpur to study for B.Pharm degree in 1959 or so. My mother took over as the headmistress of the Sunday school. I helped for a few weeks in1960 or so during summer vacations when I was in Trichur during my studies for B.D. degree in Jabalpur. I was not a deacon yet. In the summer vacation of 1961 I was made a deacon on 25th June and I taught for a few weeks till I went to England for higher theological studies in October 1961. I find it hard to remember dates. Therefore I cannot blame my mother who wrote her memoirs after she had completed 75 years age. Perhaps the year she is referring to is 1961 rather than 1966).

When I went to teach in the Sunday school I realized the difficulties of the family in giving us place for the Sunday school. Therefore I asked Poonnokaren John living near there. With their permission I shifted the Sunday school classes into their residence. After some months that family shifted their residence from there. Therefore we were forced to look for a place to hold the Sunday school.

I saw a spacious house there. Sufficient place for holding Sunday school. This house was the property of man belonging to the C.S.I. (Church of South India.). I asked permission to hold our Sunday school classes in that house. They readily agreed and we started classes there. After some time their son who was working in Calcutta died. Therefore the son's family moved back to Trichur. They brought all their household furniture from Calcutta to this house. When I went to teach Sunday school next day I noticed that there was a chicken shed in the place I was holding the classes. I felt very sorry. I asked the Sunday school whether they could find me 5 cents of land. I can purchase it and put a thatched shed for holding our Sunday school classes. We should not shift places of the study of the word of God just like some people shift their residence.

The teachers pointed at the house opposite to that place. They said that the house belonged to Mr. Varghese, the uncle of this family. He was an engineer. He is retired from service. He is the father of the CSI priest Baby achen. (Rev. Thomas Jacob who is now about 86 years old). He would sell five cents of land for Rs.250 per cent. He is a retired engineer. When I heard this news I told the teachers not to begin the class. Instead they should sing Christian songs. You pray to God for getting this land for the Sunday school. If he changes his mind he will sell it to us for Rs.200. In that case I will buy five cents of land for Rs.1000.

I went to the owner of the house. I told him that I wanted five cents

of land for Rs.1000. He said that the price he wanted to sell is Rs. 250. He will not sell for less. Then I got up from there saying that let me think about this. As I was about to leave he heard the singing of the children. His house was near to the place where we were teaching Sunday school. I had asked the teachers and children to sing loud so that the God in heaven would hear. As a matter of fact the owner who was the neighbour heard the songs. He said , "Wait a minute. You want this place to teach the Bible? Take it free as a donation from me. You must write my name on a slab there." When I heard it I was overwhelmed with joy. I did not know what to say. I said, "May God bless you".

The old man said, "My own Church (C.S.I.) asked for this and I did not give it. So if they hear about this they would object. Therefore it is better that you write the registration document of this land as donation as soon as possible". He was willing to give it in my name. Instead I got it registered in the name of our church, as I felt that a Sunday school should be in the name of the church. I registered it in 1961. The land had some places like ditches from where stones were cut for construction of houses earlier.

When Patriarch Mar Eshai Shimun visited India from December 1961 till January 1962, His Holiness laid the foundation stone for this Sunday school. At the same time the construction of the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage commenced. Therefore nothing could be done for the Sunday school building. Some people began to question why the construction was not begun. Therefore I started the construction of the Sunday school before the M.T.M.Orphanage was completed. I went to inform Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan about the construction. He gave me Rs.250

I began to worry how could I construct a Sunday school here without much expense. Then my office clerk came and reported to me that

the old government hospital is pulled down for constructing new hospital. All the stones are heaped there. Lots of mud is on the top of it. Therefore nobody is willing to buy hesitating that there are not many stones under the mud. When I tried to dig a bit I notice that there are some good stones underneath. The stones are 16 inches long. We can hire a truck and carry these stones to the building site of our Sunday school. As I had Rs.250 given by the Metropolitan in my hand I arranged for the truck to be hired and transport the used stones to our site. We brought it till night in several trips. We needed eight long pillars as foundation. These used stones were great help to make required pillars. We built the Sunday school covering all the five cents of land. Instead of a thatched building which I first prayed for I ventured for a proper building.

Later I purchased one cent of land to have a kitchen in order cook food for some future occasion. Although my intention was only a Sunday school I decided to make it a big hall, like a church. There was a Namboodiri family in front of this building. They threatened that they would destroy it if we put a cross on the top of the building. When I heard this I decided to construct four walls to this building first. Then if it is God's will it can become a church later. Trusting in God we decided to make it a big building. The Sunday school teachers and I went around collecting money from some church members.

When Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan was returning to Iraq in September 1968 we decided to have the dedication of the building before he left. One Sunday was fixed for the dedication. The previous Friday, I was very troubled. The building had no roof. How can the Metropolitan dedicate this building without roof? There is no money to buy tiles to roof. I was deeply disturbed.

Mrs. Kunjanam Mathunny, my friend, borrowed Rs.5000 from a woman on an interest rate of Rs.2 per hundred and came to see me

on Friday evening. (Rs.2 per hundred means Rs.2 a month or Rs. 24 a year interest. That is 24 % annual interest rate. It is double the bank rate.) She asked me "How is the construction of the Sunday school hall. Will it be completed for Sunday? Will the dedication service take place?" I replied her, " I do not know what to do. For the construction of the Orphanage I went for donations for the first time. I have never been out for money until 1961. Now my work is begging for money." Mrs. Kunjanam Mathunny immediately took out the Rs.5000 she had borrowed. My joy was beyond words. I took the money and thanked God.

On Saturday morning I went and purchased the tiles and started to put the roof. On Sunday morning the Sunday school teachers came and helped me. Some workers were hired. By 3.00 p.m. we completed the roofing. I stood at the ground level. The workers stood at the staircase. I took the tiles one by one and passed it up through the people standing on the staircase. I lifted and sent up 3000 tiles with my own hand.

At 4 p.m. before we completed cleaning up the place before Mar Thoma Darmo Metropolitan arrived. He was happy to see the work completed. He was very happy. Although the metropolitan was residing in his Bungalow he was knowing every detail through the clergy who was co-operating with me. After the inauguration the name of Mr. Varghese who donated the land was recorded in a slab and placed there.

Later the Block Development Office in Cherpu Block provided breakfast for 100 children daily. They arranged 25 sewing machines there for training poor girls. Many programmes were conducted there for the welfare of women by the Block Development office of the government. We started a dispensary also there, which was later shifted to the Orphanage premises in Kalathode.

Some brothers and sisters in the church started false propaganda. They said that I was doing all these programmes only to get name and fame. How much tears I have shed to start these activities? I neglected my own children to start these activities. Even the friends who used to invite me to their homes showed unwelcome faces when they came to know that I was going to collect donation for these many activities. Although my heart is pained by the false accusations of these people, I get comfort when I realize my father in heaven is blessing my activities for the poor people in and around us.

I hear the comments of some cruel people, who have no conscience, against my work. I comfort myself believing that my Lord will love me for the sacrifices I have done in these activities.

Mar Timotheus Hospital, Kalathode

I shifted the dispensary from the Sunday school building in Kannankulangara to the Orphanage premises in Kalathode. But it was three minutes walking distance from the main road. Some friends suggested that there would be progress for the hospital if it were in the main road. Therefore I purchased ten cents of land in the main road from my sister. Miss Teresa Varghese, sister of my son-in-law Dr.N.V.George of England, was working in the World Bank in Washington, D.C. She was paying her tithes for the noble causes. She gave Rs.7000 that was needed for the purchase of ten cents of land, at the rate of Rs. 700 per cent. Now the value is more than a hundred thousand rupees per cent. Ten cents of land was not sufficient for the hospital, so I purchased another ten cents of land adjacent to the hospital. Such a hospital was needed for the children of the Orphanage as well as for people in that locality as there was no hospital in the neighbourhood. Several people gave donations for the construction.

Some people wanted to buy this property. Others wanted to rent it out. I refused to give it for rent, because it would be difficult to get it back if we were to rent it out. I have worked hard to establish this hospital in order to honour the name of the late Mar Abimalek Timotheus Metropolitan. There is no profit motive.

Nobody needs profit from the hospital for personal needs. When I requested a rich man for a donation, he refused stating that such donation would bring fame to Mrs. Mooken. I believe nothing is impossible to God. The word of God is true. There is one person to plant and another to water and yet another to enjoy the benefits.

I do not need any profit from these institutions for my living. God has given me enough for a comfortable living. There is no objection from anybody to use my property according to my wish. My present desire is to make a trust of my properties after my death and a part of its income will be set apart for the Orphanage. I do not know how many changes will come later. As times change, decisions also may change. I conclude my writing with these words. "

The Church did not give a penny for the construction of this hospital. Now the Church is getting rent from that hospital. The man who rented the hospital building changed the name from the **MarTimotheus Hospital** to **Madonna Hospital**.

ADOPTION ABROAD

Adoption abroad creates mixed reactions among the public. Lack of proper knowledge of the elaborate precautions taken by the courts in India and careful screening of the adopting parents by the recommending agencies abroad have caused persistent anxiety in the minds of many.

Newspaper reports originating from India and abroad regarding the baby-selling racket and the use of the vital organs of these babies for medical experiments have created constant concern among the officials engaged in the childcare programmers in India. Those who are involved in the adoption process know very well that the scandalous newspaper reports under catching captions are figments of the imagination run riot of some writers who are easily mislead by information made available to them. Or, may be, some of those writers have an axe to grind against some orphanage authorities.

The narration in the following pages is based on the case studies of all the six children adopted in five different homes in Germany from a particular orphanage. It is first hand information gathered by actual visits to the home in Germany, in June 1990. More than a travelogue, it is case study or investigative reporting after on-the-spot studies about the children.

The writer is of the opinion that no sensible foster mother, after going through all the formalities in Germany and India, would ever think of abandoning or selling a baby to somebody else or mutilate a child whom they adore as well as, or better than, their own biological children, although none of these five mothers had any.

There are some rackets everywhere. They penetrate not only the White house, but also to religious houses of all creeds. The

newspapers carry such news. They are shocking news, but it is only less than one percent of the good actions that are not reported promptly and properly.

In June1990 I visited six children adopted in Germany from Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage. My personal observations of how these adopted children were growing up are given below.

1. Timothy Paulson Leukert

Timothy Paulson was singing a Christian chorus in German language in his home in Nuremberg along with his mother Diana Leukert when I visited him. It gave me a great pleasure to see Timothy Paulson once after seven years, in his home along with his parents, Diane and Fred Leukert. They are not his biological parents; this German couple adopted him from the M.T.M. orphanage in Trichur.

His brother was born in the Philippines. The Leukert family adopted him too. Recently another girl has been added to the family. The girl, named Jenny, is of different nationality from those of her brothers. She was adopted from an East German family.

This Indian boy does not know any Indian language. The colour of his skin reminds him that his real parents were Indians. He does not know who they are, neither do his German parents who adopted him eight years ago. They remind him that his home was an orphanage in India. They tell him that Mrs. J.D. Mooken who founded this orphanage had taken care of him while he was a baby.

His parents in Germany have advised him that he should go to India when he is about 21 years of age. He can work as a volunteer and learn the culture of his homeland. He can visit the orphanage from where many like him went to the West to find homes.

He grows up without any inferiority complex. His skin is the darkest of the three children. In his life in that German home he is loved by his brother and sister as well as by his parents. Many like Timothy Paulson are fortunate that they have found real homes in Germany and such other foreign countries. It is painful to imagine what misfortunes would have befallen this orphan boy if he had stayed in the orphanage and after education had walked into the band of innumerable street boys in India, abandoned by, or run away from, their mothers.

'Does he have problems with German students in his school?' was my question to his mother. She said that there was no discrimination in the school. Timothy Paulson is an intelligent student. He plays soccer with other boys. He is leading a normal life. At present this Indian boy has no problem of colour prejudice but one cannot predict whether he will run into problems when he looks for a life partner. The Leukerts dismiss this doubt as unwarranted.

2. Bharthanatyam in Munich

During my visit to Munich, Germany in June 1990 I had the opportunity to meet Saritha and Thomas both adopted from south India about eight years ago. Now they are the children and heirs of Paul and Brigitte Huber living in Grobenzelle near Munich. From the colour of their skin, it is easy to recognize that these children are not the biological children of their parents. Not only the colour of Saritha's skin but also her long hair is an indication of the fact that she is not a western girl. Her mother promised her that she would give her a special gift if her hair grew down to her knees. She will soon achieve the target.

Saritha and Thomas were born near Trichur, in two different places. Saritha is older. Thomas was brought to the orphanage in Kalathode near Trichur some time after Saritha was abandoned in the

orphanage. Now both Saritha and Thomas grow up as the children of Paul and Brigitte Huber.

All their schoolmates know that both these children are Indians. But there is no colour prejudice in the school or in the neighbourhood. They are bright children. In the neighbourhood others like them. Tinkle, the pastor of the Lutheran Church where they go, likes these children.

Saritha has an interesting story. Her beggar mother used this little girl for begging. It is not sure whether this beggar woman was the real mother of Saritha or not. Perhaps she had stolen this little baby girl to be a partner in her begging business. A child helps her mother to arouse sympathy in the minds of people.

The beggar woman brought Saritha one day to Mar Timotheus Memorial orphanage in Kalathode, near Trichur in Kerala. She entrusted the baby girl to the orphanage authorities and left, never to return. This mother abandoned her perhaps because the little girl was not a profitable partner in the business of begging. Or, perhaps it was difficult for her to take care of a baby of less than two years, while practicing her profession.

The baby girl had no name when she became a member of the orphanage. She was called Saritha a nice Indian name, usually given to Indian girls. The Christian girls in Kerala were formerly given only Biblical or Christian names such Anna, Mary, Martha, Rosa, Katherine, Elizabeth, Rachel, Sara and so on. But now although such Christian names are given at the time of baptism, new Indian (not necessarily Hindu) names such as Chitra, Sindhu, Sheela, Asha, Reena are written in brackets in the baptism registers. They are called by these new names in schools. Often the parents and children forget the Biblical names given at the time of baptism, as they are no more used.

Although Saritha did not open her mouth, she was present whenever the foreigners visited the orphanage. When Mrs. Brigitte Huber visited the orphanage Saritha looked at her, but did not get near to receive the chocolates she was distributing to the inmates.

Thomas was a small boy. Mrs. Huber decided to adopt him. Legal papers were filed in the court and the order was decreed in favour of foreign adoption. Mrs. Huber stayed in the orphanage to complete the passport and visa formalities.

One day Saritha smiled at Mrs. Huber. That smile though casual was precious in determining her future course of life. Instantly the German lady grabbed the beggar-girl and put her in her lap. "Jesus" was the word that emanated from the orphan girl. Mrs. Huber jumped in ecstatic joy.

"The girl will not talk." was the opinion of the famous pediatrician Dr. Kurian Manavalan, trained in England. When the good doctor put his tuning fork near the ears of Saritha, she had not reacted in the normal way. The doctor had advised Mrs. Huber not to adopt this deaf and dumb girl. But now Saritha uttered one word sitting in her lap. She sent a telegram to her husband in Germany. He left the final decision to the able judgment of his excited wife, as he had not seen the girl at all.

The court disposed of this new petition favourably and quickly, because Mrs. Huber was getting ready to return to Germany. Thus, instead of one she went home with two babies, Saritha and Thomas.

3. Nicola near the Alps

Nicola Chitra is only two years old. Her older brother Martin does not look like her brother. In their spacious home over locking the

Alps at Oberau near Munich in Germany, Nicola Chitra and Martin are the loving children of Ilse and Harald Grunzweig. The Grunzweig had no children. They adopted Martin from East Germany. Later they adopted Nicola Chitra from the orphanage at Kalathode near Trichur, Kerala, India.

Chitra is the name given to her by the orphanage authorities. Nicola is the name, which the Grunzweigs gave before the adoption. Thus the little girl got her double name Nicola Chitra before she left the orphanage.

The biological parents didn't give her a name. She does not know the names of them either. At present Nicola Chitra doesn't care. She knows Ilse and Harald Grunzweig as her parents. She knows their language and gestures.

German is her mother tongue, as she learned it from her mother Ilse. Now she understands a little bit of English too. She used to understand Malayalam, the language of her biological mother, while she lived in the orphanage. After going to Germany she never hears Malayalam and therefore it is foreign to her. Perhaps when she grows up she may attempt to learn that foreign tongue, which was her biological mother's tongue.

"Such a beautiful girl.' is the comment one hears when the Grunzweigs travel with their Indian girl. The girl is brown. Her facial features make her beautiful. Nicola Chitra is not only beautiful, but also intelligent. She is a keen observer of things around her. She learns a lot by asking questions in perfect German. While we took a trip in a cable car to the top of the 10,000 ft high German Alps, Nicola Chitra was over active. She already knew a lot about that place having been there before, but she continues to be a relentless questioner acquiring more information about the Alps and almost everything under the sun.

While we were waiting for our return, she became the centre of attraction at the railway station. She ran around and talked to the children passing by. One wonders how much energy children have to run around and keep talking. That is how most children are. Nicola Chitra is a little over active perhaps because she gets lots of love from her parents. She is the only girl there. Martin goes to school. Nicola remains at home getting all the attention and loving care a mother can give.

"I do not want to go to work " says Ilse Grunzweig. "I must give attention to my children, especially as Nicola Chitra is small she needs more attention". Also her husband makes enough money for the family. He has a good job. He is the general manager of a transporting company called ASTRA which is the second biggest such company in Europe.

"Magenta" jeeps are stacked on one of the trucks parked in his transporting company. "Look, your Indian cars!" Harald points out to me. He explained that these Mahindra jeeps were partly manufactured in Bombay, assembled in Greece, and being transported to England. Mahindra is an Indian company, but some of the owners live in England, I think. Anyhow it was a surprise for us to see the Indian jeeps in Oberau in Germany.

Nicola Chitra laughs aloud while the big black dog barks. He is almost like the Himalayan bear that I have seen in the Zoo in Trichur. He was locked in his cage. Nevertheless, I was scared as he started barking at me, a stranger. The little Nicola is not at all scared. She touches that ferocious looking dog with love and affection with a smile on her face. The dog knows Nicola, so he won't harm her. I wanted to get away from the proximity of the bear-like-dog; as I could easily imagine that a bear hug from that dog will not be a pleasant experience for me.

Nicola Chitra plays with her brother Martin in the sand pit. She is quarrelsome with him. She expects Mummy and Daddy to pay more attention to her. She is the baby of the house. Ilse gives a lot of affection to her, even making up for what she lost from her biological mother in her infancy in India.

"If you love her so much, will she not be spoiled?" I queried. Ilse knew the answer to that problem. She believes that she should not beat children. Even without corporal correction, children grow in a disciplined manner. Nicola knows from the expressions of her mother, what she is supposed to do and what she is expected to abstain from.

Not only the parents but also the grandmothers (Ilse's mother and mother-in-law) of Nicola Chitra love her. All relatives love her. The Grunzweigs are grateful to the orphanage in Kalathode which took care of the unwanted little baby girl and made her a baby very much wanted and cared for and caressed by them. Nicola Chitra brought a lot of happiness to the Grunzweig family. They in turn compensate the gratitude, by taking care of her with the full warmth and affection that any parents can give to their biological children.

4. Rosily in the Eissenhoffers family

Mrs. & Mr. Eissenhoffer from Germany went to Kalathode, Trichur, India in 1982 to adopt a child, a boy or a girl did not mater. They wanted a baby as the doctors told them that they could not have children of their own.

After the legal formalities, they adopted Rosily as their daughter. In order to adopt this baby, they had to travel to India. Both of them made this visit gladly because they desperately wanted the baby. They spent several days in the orphanage and sang songs with the unfortunate children of the orphanage.

The Eissenhoffers did not speak much English. Diane Leukert accompanied this couple to India. The three of them lived in a small house near the orphanage. Diane Leukert was the interpreter for the Eissenhoffer family. The legal process was delayed as usual. The court order was made available. Now what they needed was a passport for Rosily.

The Eissenhoffers went to the Regional Passport Officer in Ernakulam, Cochin. They made an application for a passport from the Indian authorities to take their newly acquired baby girl, Rosily, from her land of birth to her land of adoption, which is West Germany.

Although the West German visa was possible within a day, the Indian Passport could take at least two weeks for processing. As thousands of applications were pending at the Passport Office in Ernakulam the efforts to obtain a Passport for Rosily could take at least a fortnight.

The Eissenhoffers and Diane Leukert went from Trichur to Ernakulam a 45 miles distance, with an application for passport. There were long queues at the passport office. Many uneducated and educated people were applying for a Passport in order to search a skilled or unskilled labor in the Gulf countries. It was not easy to cut across the long queue to reach near the Passport office.

The Germans had taken the indomitable social worker Mrs. J.D. Mooken, who was the head of the orphanage where Rosily was given shelter when her own mother had left her at the hospital where she was born. It was at the request of the hospital authorities Mrs.J.D. Mooken had carried the abandoned baby girl in an auto-rickshaw (a three wheeler motor cycle in India, which is the poor man's taxi) to the orphanage where she has been living ever since.

Mrs. Mooken knew that there was no point in taking a place in the long queue. She took the three Germans with her in front of the door of the special room where the Passport officer was sitting. The Passport officer was a Tamil speaking man from the neighboring state of Tamilnadu (formerly known as Madras). Mrs. Mooken didn't know any language other than Malayalam. Still she had the confidence that she will get the thing done. She was a go -getter.

Capturing the attention of the officer was not easy. Fortunately for Mrs. Mooken the most circulated Malayalam daily "Malayala Manorama" had a front-page photo of her with the babies for adoption, i.e.Rosily and Timothy Paulson. She held the newspaper in her hand. The Eissenhoffers and Diane Leukert bowed before her with folded hands as if she was very important personality (V.I.P.). In India, one needs to offer bribes or be a V.I.P to get things done in a government office. Mrs. Mooken was not prepared to give a bribe. She pretended like a V.I.P.

But here the generous Germans again bowed before her with folded hands when the Passport officer looked in their direction once more. He ordered his staff to let them in. The elegant looking Indian lady walked in with confidence followed by the Germans. In India foreigners (except the least clad hippies) generally get special attention from the educated people.

Before the officer enquired about the purpose of their visit, Mrs. Mooken explained in Malayalam their predicament. "These are Germans, our climate is not good for their health, and our food also is doing havoc to their health. The court order for adoption is in their hands. They need the passport from this office before they go to Madras to collect the visa and return to Germany." She showed the newspaper photo and the news item in support of her statement.

Language was no problem to Mrs. Mooken. When she went to America the previous year to take care of the son of her eighth son, (she has seven sons and three daughters like the Old Testament character Job), she boasted that she had no language problem. She spoke well in the only language she knew Malayalam. But the poor Americans did not understand her. So it seemed to her that Americans had some problem!

The Passport officer asked the foreigners to sit down. But they didn't sit. They preferred to stand and pay respect Mrs.Mooken, thereby making her a V.I.P. instantly. In her newly acquired status as a V.I.P. she asked the officer to issue the Passport immediately so that the Germans could take the poor Indian girl, Rosily.

"I usually take two weeks for the process, but as a special case, I will get it in two hours. That is the minimum time required to fill the names, to affix photo and put the signature and seal of the Passport officer," explained the Tamil speaking officer in his broken Malayalam. Within two hours they trouped out of the Passport office armed with the Passport of Rosily. Soon after the passport was issued, they obtained the German visa and the Eisenfoffwers flew to Germany with their Indian daughter.

Rosily got adjusted to the German situation very quickly. She is the only child in the family. They didn't attempt to adopt a second child. as some other parents abroad did. Previously they had considered it. Recalling the difficulties and delays they had to undergo in India, they decided to give all their love to Rosily, forgetting the Indian dictum "we are two, for us two."

They perhaps are attracted by the Chinese slogan "one child to one family." If the population grows unabated like it is today, the slogan in 2002 A.D is likely to be "one child to two families", or "one child to each block of buildings." The world can't feed more mouths with

the produce from the planet Earth.

Rosily and her proud parents were happy to see me at the Grobenzell Church where they came to in order to spend a day with her Indian "cousins", Saritha and Thomas Huber of Grobenzell and Nicola Chitra of Oberau. After the Church and get-together in the Church hall on 24 June we went to the Indian restaurant known as "Punjab". It is probably the only Indian restaurant in Grobenzelle.

Punjab, the Indian restaurant, was a quiet place when Rosily and her Indian "cousins" with the parents entered. Within minutes it became a lively place. The children were not much interested in eating the delicious Indian dishes. They began to run around. The parents were engaged in conversation.

Pastor Tinkle, the bearded German Pastor of the Lutheran Church in Grobenzell where I preached, joined us with his wife and their two daughters. The German girls began to play with the Indian children. As the elders were engaged in non–stop conversation, the children reported that the Pastor's second daughter was missing. One by one the elders started looking for the missing girl in the streets around the restaurant. She was not seen. Was she involved in some car accident and rushed to hospital without our notice? We began to panic. Finally one of us drove his car through the neighbouring streets and alleys. She was still untraceable.

Grunzweig went to the police and reported that Pastor Tinkle's daughter was missing. By the time the police came on his motorcycle looking for the missing girl, we had already traced her. She was hiding behind some parked car. When she was detected, the two and a half year old girl walked in as if nothing had happened.

Rosily and the Indian children wanted more fun. It was a bright and a sunny afternoon. We drove to the park. Like other children

the Indian gang enjoyed swinging, walking, climbing and such outdoor activities.

It was an enjoyable afternoon for Rosily because she does not get a chance to play with Indian children often. They lived at Neuberg, Donau, which is a ten hours' distance from Munich. Moreover, Saritha and Thomas Huber and Nicola Chitra are not just some Indian children. They all came from the same place, Mar Timotheus Orphanage, Kalathode, and Trichur. They can be called the alumni of this orphanage.

Her memory does not take Rosily back to the place while she was a new born small baby. Yet in the Christmas season there is a letter or a gift that strengthen the tie. The roots are never forgotten. The orphanage is proud of Rosily. In turn the Eissenhoffers are grateful to God and to the Orphanage for the gift in Rosily.

Indians can be happy that some children are growing happily in the land of their adoption. There is a feeling among many Indians that when one lives in a colder climate like in Germany, our skin will look fairer. The Indians are generally of various shades. Seeing Rosily after seven years, my estimate is that the colour of her skin has become darker.

Mrs. Mooken at the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage said that Rosily was one of the exceptionally beautiful babies ever brought to the Orphanage. During the time she was growing up in the orphanage without the maternal care she lost some of her charm. After going to Germany she has grown up a really healthy girl. The fair colour has decreased at the same time; the Germans assure us that whiteness is not an attribute of beauty. Black is also beautiful.

5. The boy in Bonn waits for a sister

Marlene and Siegfried Muller in Bornheim near Bonn, the capital city of West Germany, adopted Christopher Samson. They run a butcher shop named Hermes in Bonn itself. The husband and wife work in their shop. (They use the word business, and not shop) There are twelve young men and women who work in the shop under them.

When I was invited to stay with them my comment was, "I am a wrong choice. You deal in meat and I do not eat meat." The Mullers said that it did not matter as they could feed me vegetarian food."

Christopher is sometimes taken to this meat shop. The staff at the shop love this Indian boy very much. As one connected with the orphanage I was made to feel at home when I visited this home along with Christopher Samson. The contrast between a butcher's shop in India and Germany was striking to me. The modern hygienic method of butchering and the freezing equipments make the western butcher's shop a neat and cool place to go in. There is no blood. The animals are butchered and cleaned before they are brought to the shop.

In India the animals are butchered in the slaughterhouse and brought to the shop afterwards; still the shop where fresh meat is sold in stinking and bleeding, when the shopkeepers cut the meat to proper arrangements. The public health authorities should bring more restrictions on the slaughter houses and shops so that customers can go in without dirtying their hands and clothes.

Christopher Samson was perhaps the youngest boy to be taken out of this orphanage in India. The Muller's had insisted on a speedy disposal of their case. The judge who dealt with his petition did not delay justice.

A minimum age for a child to be petitioned for adoption abroad is 3 months. This law is applicable all over India. If an illegitimate baby is able to survive three months in India without the mother's milk and care, it is likely to live longer. The courts will have to waste a lot of time if the orphanages are permitted to file petitions for adoption as soon as the abandoned babies are admitted to the orphanages.

After three months the baby's papers are filed in the District Court, which has jurisdiction to hear adoption cases. Then there will be a delay of another three months in normal cases. With the usual long delayed process of getting justice done in India, this delay from the date of filling the papers to the time of the disposal of the petition could be stretched to one year.

Sometimes the date of the hearing is postponed because it is suddenly declared a holiday owing to some unforeseen circumstances. Or, the judge takes leave owing to his illness or some personal reasons. The posting of the case listed for that day is re-posted to a date two months later .

The lawyer is absent on that day. The next posting is on a date still two months later. And on that day when both the lawyer and the judge are present, there is one more document to be submitted by the Council of Child Care, the Non-objection –Certificate.

When it finally comes up for hearing, a "sessions" is in progress which means it is trial of a murder case and all non murder -matters should be postponed until that particular murder trial is concluded which takes two weeks running.

When the murder case was over the judge starts examining Mrs. Mooken, the head of the orphanage and court breaks for lunch.

Since some urgent petitions are heard in the chambers of the judge he opts not to appear in the open court in the afternoon. The next date to continue examining the head of the orphanage is scheduled to commence after the Christmas vacation.

The transfer of the judge takes place during the Christmas vacation as usual. The new judge looks at the papers on the next date posting. He asks several unnecessary questions to the lawyer appearing on behalf of the baby. The new judge was just promoted as district judge and it is his first experience with foreign adoption case. As a sub-judge he never heard such petitions, as the sub-courts in India have no jurisdiction over adoption cases.

The new judge asked clarifications for many points. The judge's ignorance of the adoption procedures was much more than the experienced lawyer could clarify. The judge adjourned the case to study the relevant issues clarified by the lawyer.

During the next posting which was two months later, the office clerks in the court had misplaced some papers in order to increase the confusion of the already confused judge. The clerks in the court deliberately did it because they did not get a bribe to expedite the delayed justice.

On the hearing date in the following month, the judge had received a new circular letter of fresh directives from the Supreme Court of India in New Delhi, to all the courts in India regarding the adoptions abroad. The Supreme Court did it as somebody had approached the Supreme Court stating that there were complaints about exporting the babies into western countries. The Supreme Court's new directives are to avoid misuse of the foreigners adoption procedures.

Christopher Samson's parents were not willing to wait. Although a cumbersome process, Mr. R.G. Dais, the advocate in Ernakulam, managed to get things done within the quickest possible time, an exception to the Indian legal process. When the judge was apprised of the need for a speedy disposal of the petition, he did not deny justice to the Mullers by denying it. The whole process went into a serious action mode. Christopher Samson could go to Germany along with Nicolo Chitra whose petition had been pending for a long time.

Christopher Samson now waits in Germany for a sister. His sister will be a "cousin" in the sense she comes from the same orphanage. But there are fresh legal complications this time. The Supreme Court's directive is that adoptions in India have to be encouraged. Without giving a baby to Indian adoptive parents, a baby will not be permitted by the court to go abroad.

Now formalities are over. An Indian parent in Kerala clearing the way for Jenny, a girl of four months, to go to Germany to join Christopher Samson, adopted a baby. The Mullers were happy to see Jenny. She is a healthy child. Of course she will be healthier when the parental care comes to this abandoned girl.

If the judicial machinery moves faster as the Mullers wish, little Jenny will be lucky to go to Germany before Christmas. But if the unexpected holidays and judge's leave and transfer play their role as usual, the adoption file of Jenny will be buried among the files of the court in Kerala, as an example of its bureaucracy. This is a loss not only to little Jenny, but also to Christopher Samson and his parents in Bonn who will miss Jenny badly.

What would have been the lives of Timothy Paulson, Saritha, Thomas, Nicola Chitra, Rosily and Christopher Samson, had they remained in the orphanage or with the mothers who delivered them into their

world of poverty? Although the question is hypothetical, the answer is simple. They would have joined the millions of waifs and strays. Perhaps with the help of the education available at the orphanage, some of these children could have settled comfortably; but such possibilities are negligible.

The German parents are aware of the plight of these orphan children in India. More couples without children would like to adopt them. But some in the Central government restrict the movement of children out of India.

"Salaam Bombay" is feature film produced by an Indian lady Meera Nair, educated in the USA. This was shown in the German Television. Mrs. Huber suggested that I should see it. Therefore at the home of the Grunzweigs in Oberau, I watched on TV certain portions of the film "Salaam" Bombay. How sad one gets looking at the pitiable condition of the street children in Bombay, Calcutta and other towns and slums in India.

It is true that Indian adoptions are better, in that they avoid cultural shocks to these children. But at the same time there are other factors, which are causes for the lack of Indian adoptions.

a. Christians in India have no law for adoption. They can get only legal custody of children. Only Hindus can adopt children in India legally. Muslim religious rules will not permit adoptions. But for Christians there are no religious reasons adopting children. But the law of the land has to be updated. Some of the laws made by the British Colonial masters remain as such. There are moves now from the Christian leaders to update Christian matrimonial and divorce act. Similarly, an adoption Act may be introduced. Of course, the children adopted in India will have no right to property when the parents die.

b. The second cause for the lack of Indian parents coming for adoption is that according to Indian thinking they are willing to adopt the child of a poor relative and not some illegitimate child whose parents are unknown.

c. Some poor parents cannot pay the legal fees involved in adopting children. The Christians, who cannot adopt legally, can ask for legal custody. If they do it without the legal process, they can be accused of stealing children. So the legal process, however cumbersome, is necessary even for a poor man.

Then there are minor points: some people like fair-looking children. Some others prefer boys and not girls. In other words the Indian parents are very choosy. But the foreign parents are not. They do not mind dark children. The present policy of the Indian government, to give a child abroad only if another child is adopted in India, is slowing down the process of adoption abroad.

Some foreign parents have been waiting nearly a year to see that the orphanages in India are able to find babies for foreign adoption. This adds to the delays in the legal process.

The adoption abroad did help the lives of thousands children adopted in many affluent countries. Not only the material wealth but also the love and affection that these foreign parents give to their brown or black children are inestimable. It is an action not to be condemned. Adoptions abroad should not be banned in India but encouraged with proper precautions.

In America, Polly Reuling in Waterloo, Iowa has adopted two girls, Mary and Alice. Mary went to Macalister College, in Minneapolis,

Minnesota. She graduated this year. I was there for her 21st birthday, Polly Reuling has written several pages in this book. She helped liberally for the publication of this book financially.

Paul and Eleanor Tomasula of Chicago adopted Anne and John. I met them later in Chicago. But during my visit to Chicago in 2000 AD I did not get time to visit them. Tomasulas wrote about their adopted children Anne and John in their Christmas New Year letter dated December 30, 2000 as follows:

> Anne is a senior in High School and yes; we have been on the college visit circuit. In November, she and I visited Eastern Illinois at Charleston (3 hours away) and Western Illinois in Macomb (5 ½ hours away) She received acceptance letters from both of those universities as well as at Northern Illinois in DeKalb (1 hour away). She decided to attend Illinois State University at Normal, Illinois about 3 hours away. Anne continues to work at Friendship Village as a CNA two evenings a week. She plays flute in Bartlett High School's marching band. Disney world invited the BHS band to march and play during Spring Break last March. What a thrill of a lifetime! With instruments, uniforms, chaperons and over hundred band members, they traveled by bus to Florida. Anne still shares stories of this memorable experience.
>
> John celebrated his 16th birthday in August. Actually, the celebration for him was getting his driver's license. My palms are no longer sweaty when I ride with him. He does very well as a driver and has had some experience of driving in snow. Being a member of Elgin High School's wrestling team has meant early morning practices during the holidays, a wrestling

tournament and two meets. John is at the 103 – weight class and has a seven and five record. His name has been in the sports section of our newspaper a couple of times. John received Confirmation at our parish, Church of the Holy Spirit, last June. For his service project following the sacrament, he coached the parish's soccer team of five and six year olds on Saturdays this fall. He loved being able to drive there by himself.

In August, Anne, John, Blackjack and I went to Cable, Wisconsin to be at Kasse and Dave Tomasula's home on the Lake Namekagon for a few days. It was a great vacation. Blackjack probably had the most fun. We played in the lake, kayaked, canoed and mostly just hung outside by the water. Kasse took us to a tent show about the history of Lake Superior and the Bayfield area. The programme compiled slides of local history shown in the background while the musicians performed original songs. It was an enjoyable evening.

Anne and John continue to amaze us with their wit, wisdom, and craziness. They are great kids. It is hard to believe that Anne will be in college next year. Paul and I will celebrate our 22nd wedding anniversary on January 6. Time flies when you're having fun!

In the Xmas letter dated December 29, 2001 the Tomasulas wrote as follows:

We have experienced a change this year. Anne graduated from Bartlett High School and is now a freshman at Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois, where my mother, attended the teacher's college for one year back in 1928! We missed Anne a lot and just

as we are adjusting to her not being here, she is home for semester break. It is great to have her home, even if it means the phone line is tied up! She seems to thrive at school, receives good grades and likes the freedom of being away from home.

John, who turned 17 in August, is busy on the Internet getting college information and applying for admission. Yesterday he registered on-line for Creighton University, (Omaha, NE) which we had visited in October. This school has programs in business and pre-law that interest him. With a couple more applications left to send, time will tell where he will attend college. John keeps busy with his school work, wrestling on the Elgin High School team, keeping up with the Chicago Bears' games and stats as well as going on-line to play games or chat with internet friends.

Mrs. Mooken had some land adjacent to the Orphanage. She cultivated rice and planted coconut trees in her land. She herself worked in the field and asked the children to help her. Some lazy children didn't like such an idea. They want to be fed. They did not care how money would be available for a comfortable living.

She bought some pigs and started rearing them. She would arrange for cutting big pigs on Sundays and especially when there was some wedding dinner. People were willing to buy fresh meat and for a cheaper price, as there was no cost incurred for the transportation of pigs to a butcher's shop. My mother saved some meat for the orphans to eat a sumptuous dinner occasionally. On the other hand it created problems.

The Orphanage was next to the Muslim mosque and cemetery. Some pigs will escape from the pigpen and run to the cemetery and run all over the graves. The pigs do not know that the Moslems and the Jews hate the pigs. The Muslim neighbours who were jealous of a Christian Orphanage in their neighourhood began to threaten my mother. She explained her helplessness. There were some good Muslims near there who could understand the helplessness of a woman who had no bad intentions. She prayed to God to save her from the wrath of her neighbours.

She was a kind person. Yet she did not tolerate laziness and dishonesty. This nature of hers created some enemies. Even the orphan boys used to rob her. Her passport was stolen. Her only camera donated by the Grunzweigs in Germany was stolen. By a strange coincidence the camera that Grunzweigs gifted me too was stolen. It was not from the orphanage, but while I was conducting a Holy Qurbana for our small congregation in Bangalore in 1992. The film in it had some pictures I had clicked in Russia. Neither my mother nor myself used any camera after these were stolen in 1992. My mother didn't know how to use a camera. She used to depend on others to help her to take some photos of the historic moments in the orphanage. It is very expensive to get a professional photographer.

In her old age she learned to make good photo albums. She didn't learn to make albums just to keep her photos. She made them to sell and make money for the orphans to eat enough. She managed to do that with hard work. She started a printing press. At night she will take the printed sheets and fold them to be ready to be stitched the next day. She knew that such hardworking was necessary for feeding about a hundred mouths three times a day. She could not provide very good clothes.

Others criticized her for not providing good clothes. At least she provided them what a middle class or a poor family could provide for their children going to school. At the time of school opening she will go to some cloth merchants and beg them to donate some clothes for the orphanage. She even went to the cloth factory and bought large bundles of cloth at wholesale rate and got the uniform clothes of the school children. It was not an easy task. The response from the rich people was not always encouraging. Some will advise her not to help the poor.

On Saturday 16th June the alumni of Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage met in Chicago. John and Anne were with their parents, Eleanor and Paul Tomasula. Polly Reuling came from Waterloo, Iowa with her two girls namely Unny Mary and Alice. Mary had graduated from Macalister College with a Bachelor of Arts degree on Sunday May 20th, 2001 with a double major in environmental Science and geography with a minor in geology. She started working in St. Paul Minnesota at the land management information Centre under Minnesota Planning. She had been writing lesson plans about environmental issues for elementary and high schools.

Unny Mary was the first foreign adoption from the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage, Trichur. Now she graduated with a degree. My mother would have been happy to hear that. Now more will graduate and will be placed in good position. Alice is equally bright.

Unny Mary had studied in the American school in Kodaikanal; a hill station situated about 8000 feet high in South India. One year Polly came from USA and taught arts in that School. She had brought Alice also with her. Polly Reuling is a considerate mother who took care of her both daughters well. Two years ago she gave enough money for Unny Mary to travel to India and visit also the Mar Timotheus Orphanage in Trichur.

Polly is the name of the generous though strict Aunt of Tom Sawyer and his staid brother Sid. Tom Sawyer is the fictitious character created by my favourite American humourist Mark Twain (1835 – 1910) in his classic "**The adventures of Tom Sawyer**" in 1896. Today's boys, and perhaps girls too, may be interested in knowing an observation made by a lady writer today in a newspaper that I regularly read **Express Vibesweek**. **The New Indian Express**, Kochi, 7 November 2001.

> "He is the delight of his companions and the despair of his aunt. Engaged in a perennial battle with authority, Tom's life is packed with escapades that include stealing jam, playing truant, hating work and outwitting grown-ups with special cunning peculiar to small boys."

Reena is a bright girl adopted by Dr. Primal de Lenorolle and his wife Sandy. Reena is the last adoption from the M.T..M. Orphanage. Mrs. J.D. Mooken had to go to the American Consulate in Madras, now known as Chennai. As the parents who adopted Reena had not arrived in India to escort the baby girl it was not easy to get the visa for the baby. The sister or the mother of one of the students of Dr. Primal was to escort the baby to Chicago from India. Although my mother did not know English she convinced the visa officials in the American Consulate in Madras.

Actually they were about to refuse the request for the visa. At the right moment a telephone call came to the Consulate from America. That message changed the mind of the officials. My mother said later when the telephone call came the officials began to treat my mother like a VIP. They immediately issued the visa. My mother had to take the baby to Bangalore to deliver the baby to the lady in Bangalore.

This was the first time she had to go and deliver the baby. Usually the parents who adopt come and pick up. I guess that Reena will earn many degrees like her father Dr. Primal deLenorolle who is a professor in the University in Chicago. He is from Sri Lanka and his wife is American. While Tomasulas and Reuling had two babies to take care, Primal and Sandy have one baby to take care. So I guess Reena gets double attention.

There is one more girl in Chicago area. Her name is Kala. Margaret is her another name. She could not come for the get together as her father had to undergo special treatment that week. I had met her some years ago in Chicago. Her parents had adopted two other children from some other Orphanage in Bangalore or Calcutta.

During the evening of Saturday June 16th we had the get together in restaurant called **Americana** in Schaumburg to be closer to the place where I was staying. Everybody was asked to order what they wanted. Since I had given up eating meat after I had become a bishop in 1968 they suggested me some vegetarian dishes. Some of them also chose vegetarian dishes. When it came to the dessert everybody was choosing ice cream etc. Since I am a diabetic I skipped dessert. Reena had ordered a large dish of ice cream with chocolate etc. She learned that she could not gulp the whole stuff. Finally she asked other children to help her finish it. Then she asked the grown ups also to help her to finish it. Some times Americans as well as Indians eat more than what is necessary.

It was a pleasant evening. Two years ago when I visited Chicago I telephoned to some of them. But there was no time to meet them. All were glad that we met this time. Reena's parents offered to take me to the house of Juliet Kasha where I was supposed to stay that evening. Two years ago they had done the same. So I thought they would know the house. I had forgotten the directions. Finally we made it.

I was so exhausted by the programmes of that day. When I reached the house of Juliet Kasha, she told me that Patriarch Mar Dinkha IV had called me. I called him back. His Holiness asked me to be ready to make a speech the next day for the Assyrian graduates in the Hanging Gardens. I replied that I would be happy to do it. Then His Holiness said that I have to speak very slow. I promised to remember his advice. But the next day when I spoke I could not control the speed, as I had to speak so many things in just ten minutes.

Mrs. J. D. Mooken would have enjoyed the company of her great grandchildren. At present she has 10 great grandchildren, the same number as her own children. There were only three great grandchildren at the time of her death. Seven great grandchildren were born after her death.

She has 20 grand children. I have a feeling that the number of the great grand children will be close to 40 after all her 20 grandchildren got married. Now only ten grandchildren have married. Eight of these ten married grand children are proud parents of ten children. Three more are expected to be born in coming September. The ages of her ten unmarried grandchildren are between 15 and 36.

Mrs. J.D. Mooken has 10 children, 20 grand children and 10 great grand children.

Children

1	Joe Mooken, California	September 1934
2	Mrs. Leela Alex, Orlando, Florida	September 1936
3	Prof. Andrews Mooken, Cochin	12 October 1938
4	Mar Aprem (formerly George) Trichur	13 June 1940
5	Abi Mooken, Ernakulam	18 January 1942
6	Mrs. Sushila (Rebecca) George. Rugby, UK	9 August 1943
7	Windsor (Isaac) Mooken, Trichur	30 June 1945
8	Addison Mooken, Atlanta, USA	10September 1947
9	Mrs. Prabha Cherian Puthicot	19 December 1951
10	Prakash Mooken, Nilambur	16 May 1955

Grandchildren

1.	Mrs. Honey (Rebecca) Grey, Melbourne	February 1961
2.	Dr. Sajiv Alex, Indianapolis, U.S.A.	1961
3.	Dr. Sheena George, London, U.K.	25 December 1962
4.	Varkey George, London, U.K.	1964
5.	Deepak Mooken, Cochin	16 December 1964
6.	Mrs. Miriam Katzdorn, San Diego, Calif, U.S.A.	1965
7.	Miss Papa (Tresa) George, U.K.	23 June 1966
8.	Mrs. Maya (Anne) George, Texas, U.S.A.	Same (twins)
9.	Pradheep Mooken, Abu Dhabi	15 September 1966
10.	Mrs. Asha Furlow, Chicago, U.S.A.	1970
11.	Dr.Miss Miky,(Michelle) Joe Mooken, California, U.S.A.	1970
12.	Thankam, (Sunitha) Abi, Cochin	1975

13. Mrs. Merin Thomas, Aleppey 28 July 1975
14. Mrs.Sindhu Mattachren Nadakavukaren, Trichur 9 April 1976
15. Aprem Mooken, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A 8 June 1978
16. Anu (Anitha) Abi, Ernakulam 11 October 1978
17. Sanil Mooken, Trichur 29 May 1979
18. Chiku (Cherian) Puthicotte, Cochin 14 February 1981
19. Grace Marie Addison Mooken, Atlanta, U.S.A. 26 July 1986
20. Reuben Prakash Mooken, Nilambur, Kerala 9 September 1986

10 Great grand children

1. Brianna Amita Alex, Indianapolis, USA 19 Dec 1993
2. Kristina George Jacob, Dallas, Texas, USA 29 Oct 1995
3. Paul Grey, Melbourne, Australia 27 October 1996
4. Rohin Thomas, Aleppey 12 September 1998
5. George Jacob, Dallas, Texas. USA 16 September 1998
6. Dane James Katzdorn, San Diego, Calif, USA 6 May 1999
7. Elizabeth Serena Siemon, London, U.K. September 1998
8. Christina Alyssa Alex, Indianapolis, USA 25 October 1999
9. Joel Varghese, London, U.K. 1 January 2001
10. Sophie Alex Furlow, Chicago 30 August 2001

CONCLUSION

In India almost everybody knows the name of Mother Teresa, the nun from Albania and Yugoslavia who worked and died in Calcutta, India. Those who are in health profession, perhaps know about two missionary women Miss Edith Brown of England who founded Christian Medical College in Ludhiana, Punjab and Dr. Miss Ida Scudder of America who founded Christian Medical College in Vellore, South India which is one of the best Medical Colleges and hospitals in Asia.

The people in Punjab admired Dr. Edith Brown so much. When the news of the death of King George V was reported the people in one village asked, "Who will now be the king. Will it be Miss Brown?" No, she did not become the king. When Dane Edith Brown died on December 6, 1956, at the age of 93 her dream of a University Medical College built on faith, vision and sacrifice had been fulfilled

I mentioned Dane Edith Brown of England, Dr Ida Scudder of America and Mother Teresa of Albania, Europe. What about the Indians? I want to mention the name of Pundit Ramabai, a Brahmin, young widow who did marvelous service to the women in India.

She was born on April 23, 1858, years before Edith Brown was born in England. When she was 24 years old, Ramabai returned to Poona after the death of her husband Bijain Behari Medhari, along with her little daughter Manorma.

Ramabai had learnt Sanskrit from her father Aviant Sastri. She could repeat 18,000 verses from the Bhagvat Purana. She was acquainted with the amazing intricacies of the Sanskrit grammar. At the Calcutta Senate three Sanskrit professors including two English men tested skill, and gave her the title of Saraswati and also of Pundit.

Pundit Ramabai worked hard till the very end of her life to the noble cause of the education and empowerment to women. The famous Orientalist Professor Max Muller coupled her name with that of Ram Mohan Roy as a pioneer for reforms in India.

The motto of Pundita Rama Bai was: "A life of committed to God has nothing to fear, nothing to lose and nothing to regret." "Only one life will soon be past, what's done for Christ will last." Mrs. J.D. Mooken was one of the rarest women we find, who dared to start an orphanage for the first time in our Church in India. She ignored criticisms. Because she knew what she was daring to do was for the cause of the orphans and helpless women and not for her personal glory.

The zealous people did not admit or recognize the sacrifices she made for the social causes. Still many parents abroad who adopted children from this orphanage will always admit the sacrifices she made in founding and running this orphanage. Many non-Christians testify to the sacrifice and contributions she had made for the orphans and downtrodden women. May God reward her.

Many pioneers faced hardships and non-cooperation from their own people. It is difficult to understand why Christians also create problems on the hard road some of the pioneers have taken.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Paul Chittilapilly, who was the vicar General of the Syro-Malabar diocese of Trichur, founded Damien Institute for the leprosy patients in Trichur somewhat the same time as Mrs. J.D. Mooken was working hard for the M.T.M.Orphanage. He also founded a religious order named the Samaritan Sisters. Rt. Rev. Monsignor Paul Chittilapilly had his critics in his Church. As result he was removed from the positions he had held. Many allegations in regard to the accounts were brought against him. As I was concluding this book I was invited to speak on a special occasion of granting the major archiepiscopal recognition to the order of the

Samaritan Sisters. I requested the sisters to give a book or booklet about this order so that I can intelligently speak about the Samaritan Sisters and their founder Monsignor Paul Chitalapilly who was a lecturer in the Chemistry Department when I was a student in the St.Thomas College.

I read through the book *The Annals,* written by one of the sisters in Trichur, published in 2000 A.D. I find some striking similarities, which these "founding fathers" had faced. In 1979 or so Monsignor Paul Chittalapilly wrote to Fr.George Akkara, parish priest at Elinjipra, via Chalakudi.

Dear and Very Rev. Father,

I am herewith returning the papers your reverence left here for perusal and remarks.

About the other matters I do not wish to enter into a controversy now, because most of the items point out in the paper left there have been included in the accounts and reports already submitted nearly a year ago.

The account books concerned, title deeds and files have been handed over. So it will be difficult to verify the happenings of the last twenty-five years from memory alone.

In any concern, many permissions, explanations, verifications, clarifications etc. would be oral. Many things have to be read between the lines. This fact can be verified by referring to any Chartered Accountant. Often traditions and even constitutions are subject to changes and modifications.

Almost all the important personages connected with the founding and running of the Damien Institute who had a say in the matter

are dead and gone. So anybody who comes to administration has to depend on records and files. Fortunately almost all the records are kept in order, still some may be missing. But one should have the patience to study all of them and to read between lines before one pronounces a judgment on others.

It is happy to note that all are interested in the progress of the Samaritan Sisters and development of their projects rather in the programme of the Damien Institute. Everybody is keen to prove into the details of their resources and incomes and ways of development; still the matter is an enigma to them. To me, either, the case is the same. "The ways of Providence are inscrutable" is the answer.

Sd/-
Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. Chittilapilly

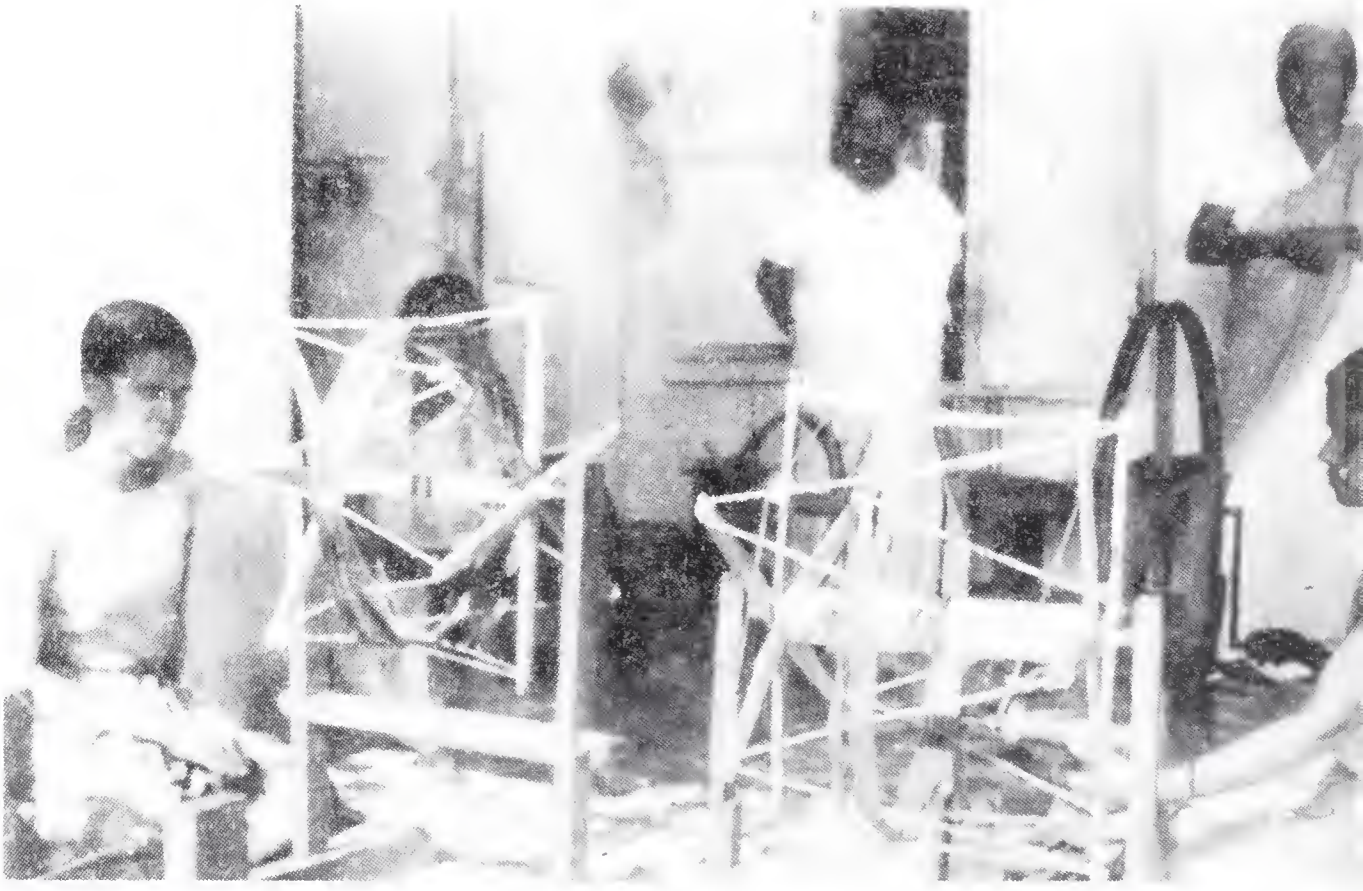
Since Monsignor Paul Chittilapilly had founded the order of Samaritan Sisters the work he had begun will be continued.

Jesus Christ had severe opposition from his own religion. Jesus was not a Christian. He was a Jew. He willingly took the road to Calvary to be insulted and crucified. Many have ignored the criticisms and walked through the difficult road to Calvary carrying the cross. Mrs. J.D.Mooken had a dream and determination like Martin Luther King Jr. or Mother Teresa or Pundita Ramabai or Dr.Ida Scudder or Dr. Edith Brown or many others who work sacrificiously, unknown to the outside world.

Mrs. J.D. Mooken worked among the orphans and poor women. Many around the world who are aware of her sacrifice in building an orphanage for the first time in our church have cause for rejoicing. Her name or photo is in the hearts of the people around the world. The children cared by her are living happily in Australia, Belgium, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, France, Holland and America.

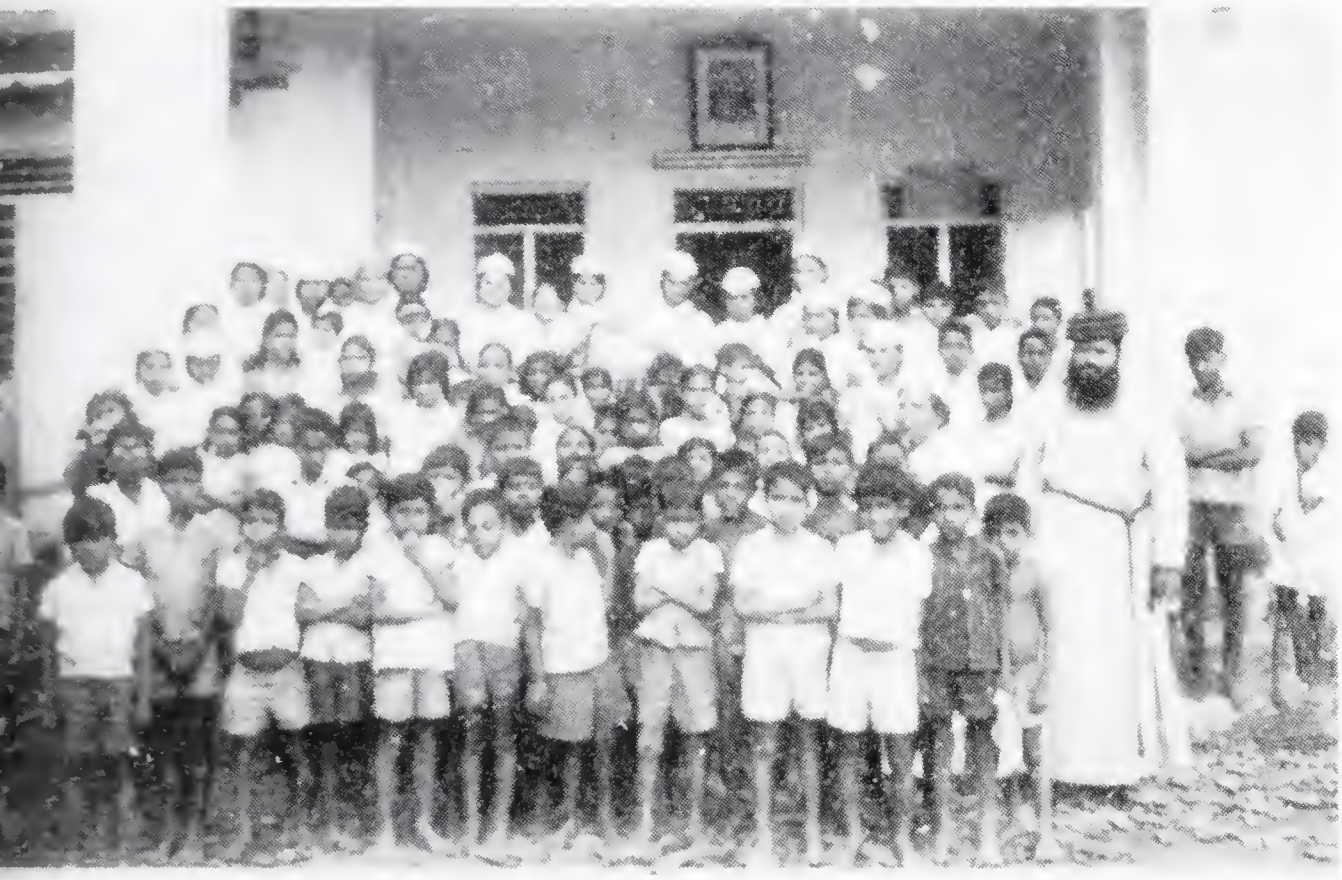
Mrs. Mooken in the nursery class in the Orphanage

Sewing Machines in the Orphanage

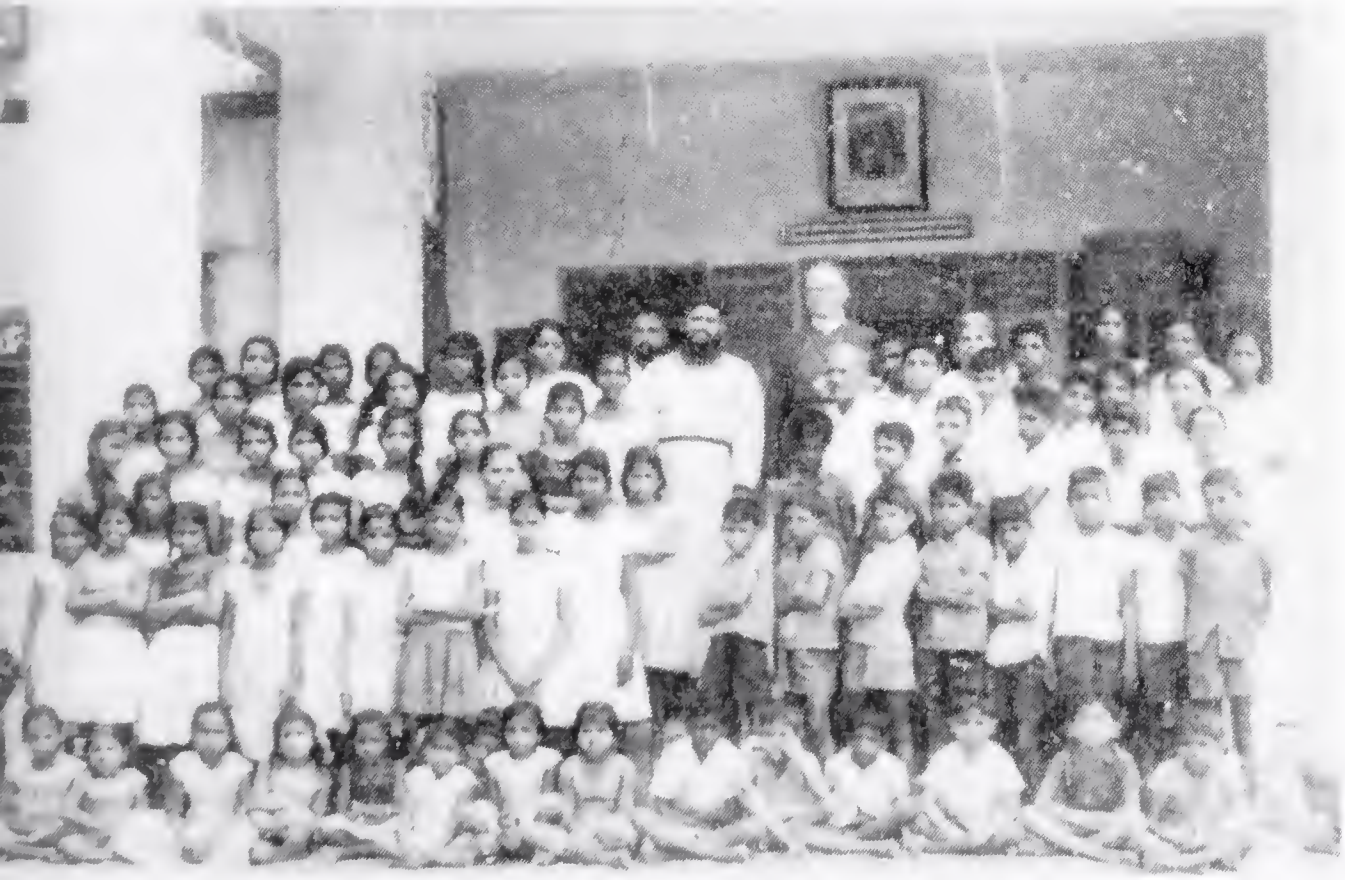


Hand weaving promoted in the Orphanage.

Flute Band. Orphanage Girls. Mrs. Rosa Mannuthy on the right side.



Orphanage children with Mar Aprem, Patron of the Orphanage.

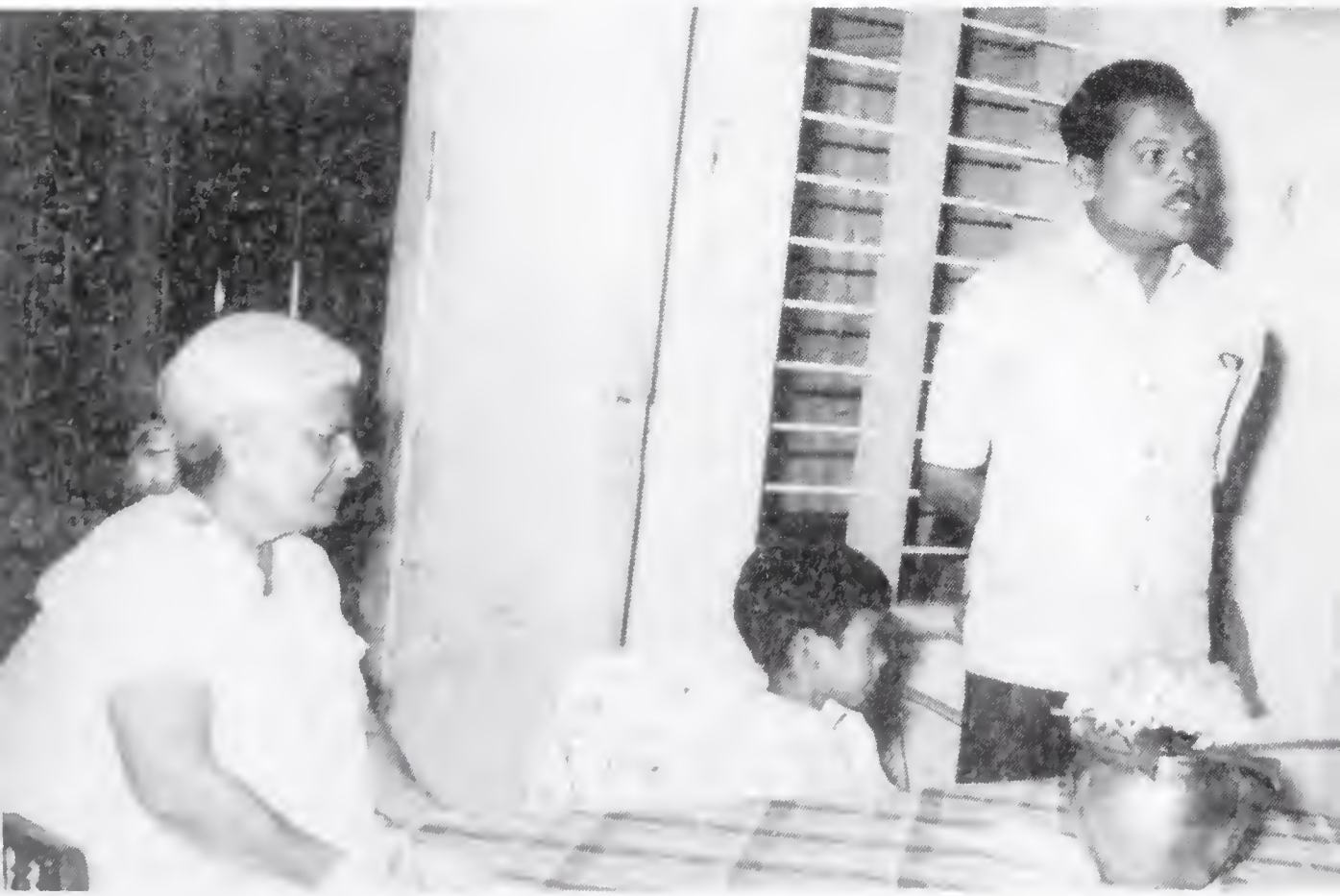


Mar Aprem in the Orphanage, Parappully Antony, Father of Mrs. J. D. Mooken in the middle.

Mrs. Mooken in the office of the orphanage.

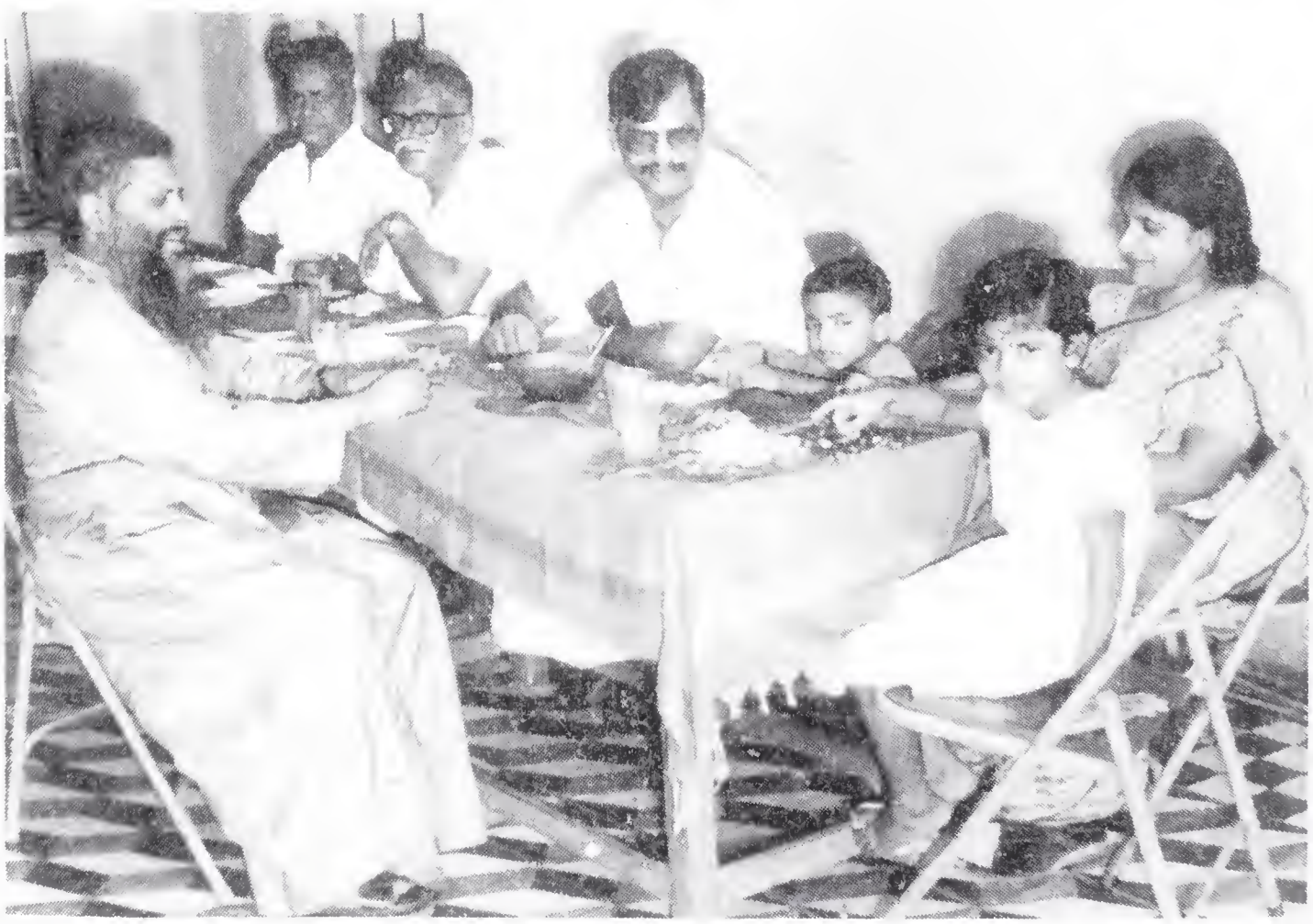
Mrs. Mooken cutting the cake for her 60th or 70th birthday.

Prof. Balakrishna Pillai of the Agricultural University is sitting behind the Orphan boy presiding over the birthday celebration of their beloved Ammachi.



Prof. Balakrishna Pillai speaking on the birthday celebration 1985.

A boy whose birthday is celebrated with dinner for the inmates of the Orphanage. The proud birthday boy walks in front of many children seated down for the dinner.

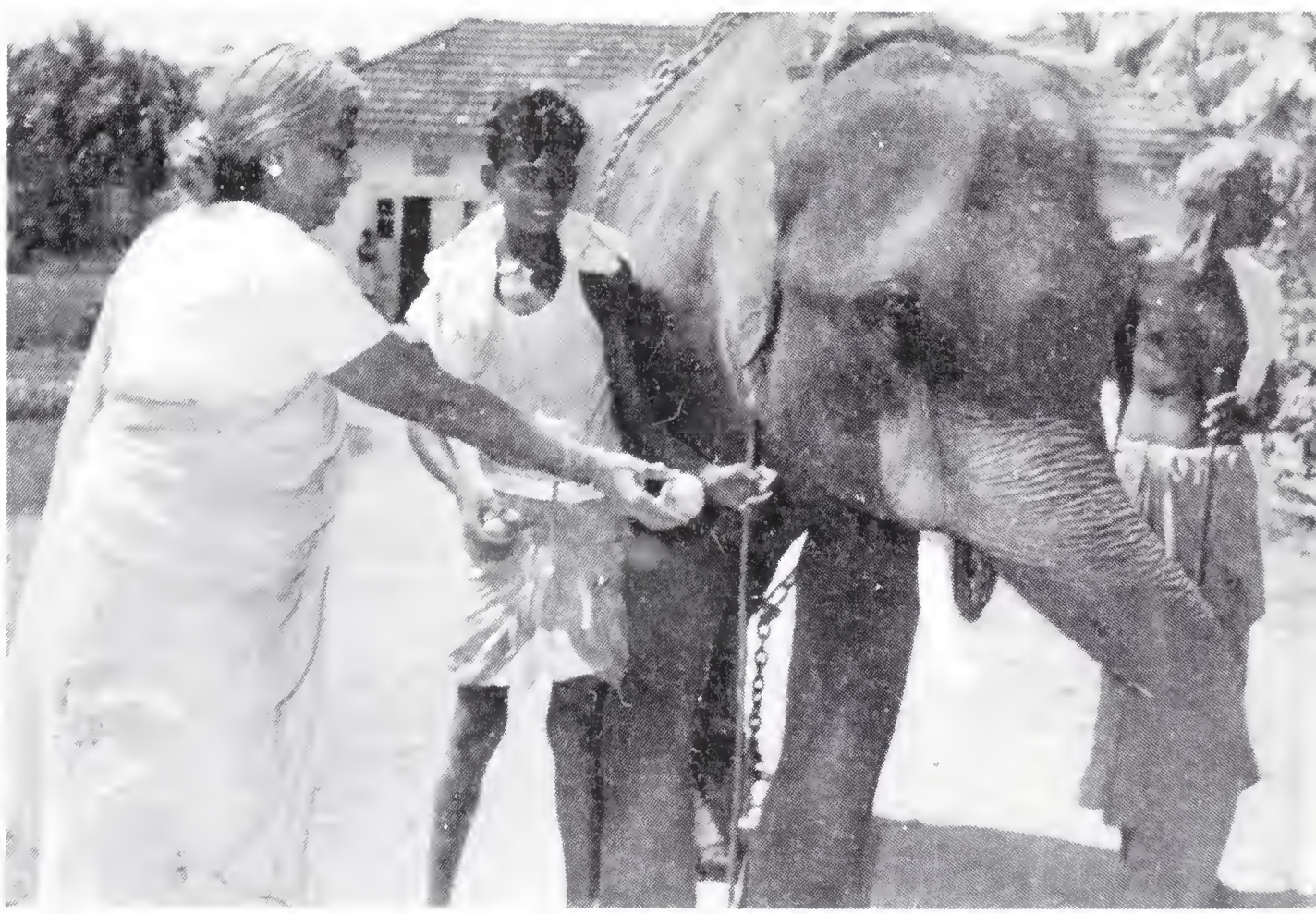


Mar Aprem, C. J. Georage, M. L. Paul, John Paul and wife with their son and daughter who paid for the dinner to the Orphanage members and guests of the Orphanage

Committee members and guests of the orphanage Mrs. Kunjanam Mathunny was seated next to Mrs. Mooken.

Mrs. Katherine Ittoop is standing on the right side.

Teachers serving dinner for the inmates.

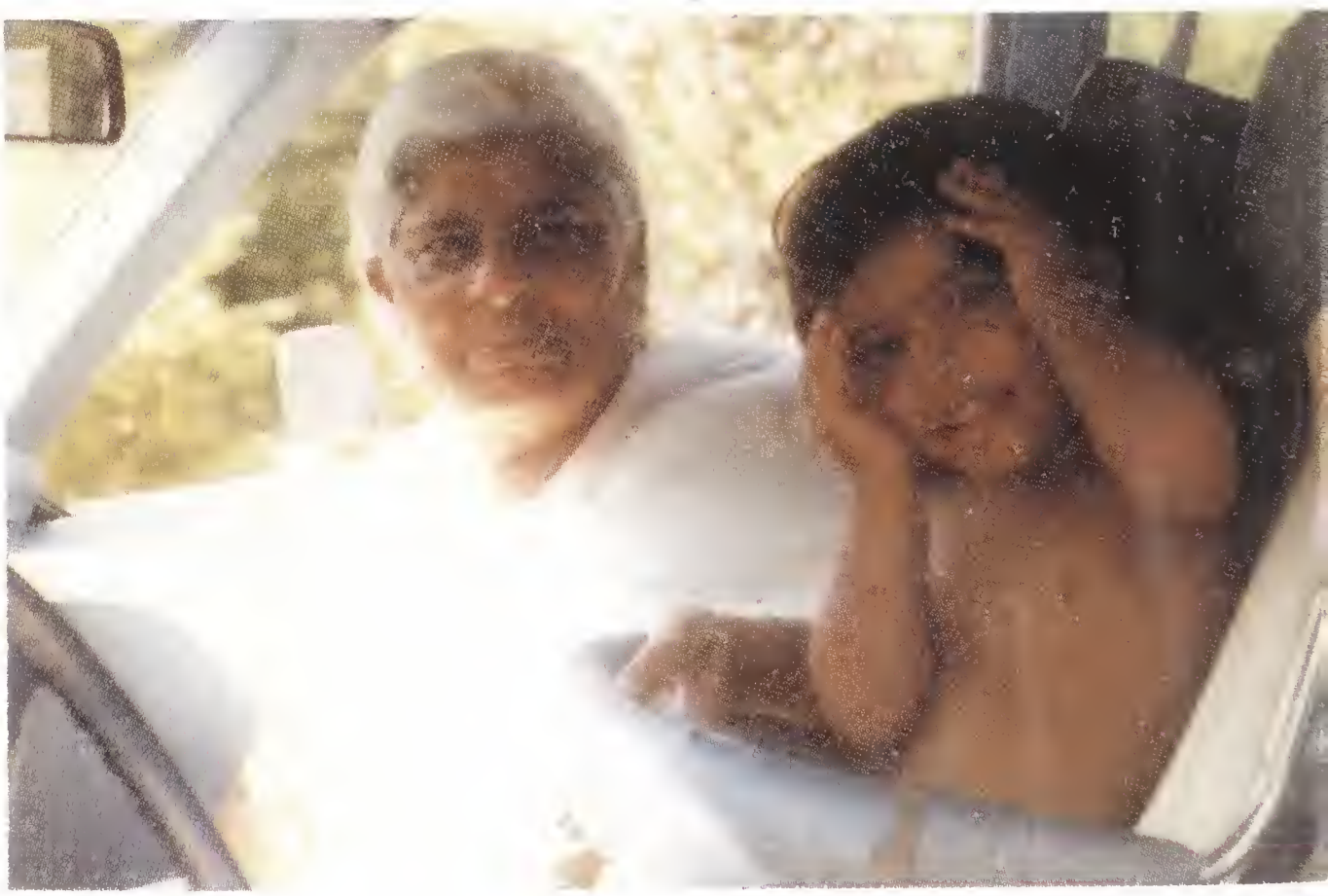


Mrs. Mooken feeding an elephant.

Mrs. Mooken, Polly Reuling, with Unny Mary in her lap.
Katherine and other staff

Mrs. Mooken with Alice, Unny Mary also seen.

Mrs. Mooken with an unidentified baby



Mrs. Mooken with Unny Mary in Polly's car in U. S. A. 1979

Left to Right: Mrs. Mooken, Saji, Alex, Leela, Asha with Unny Mary.

Mrs. Mooken, Asha carrying Unny Mary in U. S. A.

Polly, Unny Mary, Mrs. Mooken, Polly's mother and father.

Saritha in Germany Sept 1988

Engineer Seena (now in Canada), Mrs. Mooken Mar Aprem

Chicago, Dr. Delenerolle, Mrs. Lenerolle, Polly, Mrs. Eleanor Thomasula with John, Mar Aprem, Ann, Alice and Reena

Germany. Ilse and Herald Grunzweig and adopted daughter Nicola Chitra with her friend.

Jenny adopted by Merlene & Sigfried Muller in Merten / Bornheim, Germany.

In the Metropolitan Palace, Thrissur Mrs. Mooken talking with K. R. Narayanan, the present President of India.

K. R. Narayanan says goodbye to Mrs. Mooken. Mar Aprem looks on.

Christopher and Jenny adopted by Mullers in Germany near Bonn.

Uncle Clarence with his adopted daughter Reena, Chicago.

Atty Duyn from Holland who adopted David is visiting Orphanage.
Left to Right : Cherian, Duyn, Mar Aprem, Chikku, Prabha.

David Duyn adopted in Holland swiming for his certificate, May 1990

Joyce, adopted by Ulte de Smet in Holland.

Christopher Samson in Bonn, Germany.

John Tomasula in Chicago, aged 17
(High School Senior Year).

Mar Aprem took his sitar to Belgium, Holland, and U. S. A.
to play to the children adopted from the orphanage.

Mar Aprem visiting adopted children in Munich, Germany in 1997. Attended a function where Mrs. Brigitte Huber was chaplain to the handicapped children.

Supper with the children of Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage with parents who adopted them .

Four girls and one boy adopted from the Mar Timotheus Memorial Orphanage, Kalathode, Trichur, Kerala (founded in 1962) are seen with the Metropolitan Mar Aprem in Chicago (Left to Right : Alice, John, Mary, Reena and Anne) with their parents (Polly Reuling, Eleanor Thomasula, Sandy & Dr. Primal De Lenerolle and Paul Tomasula) 16 June 2001.

BOOKS BY DR. MAR APREM

Biographies

1.	Mar Thoma Darmo-A Biography	pp. 214,	1974
2.	Mar Abimalek Timotheus-A Biography	pp. 282,	1975
3.	Mar Abdisho Thondenat	pp. 136,	1987
4.	Strange But True: An Autobiography	pp. 236,	1981
5.	Not So Strange: An Autobiography Part II	pp. 236,	1991

Church History

6.	Nestorian Fathers (out of print)	pp. 168,	1976
7.	Nestorian Missions (Reprint 1985)	pp. 134,	1976
8.	The Chaldean Syrian Church in India	pp. 241,	1977
9.	The Council of Ephesus of 431	pp. 196,	1978
10.	Sacraments of the Church of the East	pp. 142,	1978
11.	Nestorian Theology	pp. 183,	1978
12.	Nestorian Lectionary & Julian Calendar	pp. 140,	1982
13.	Western Missions Among Assyrians	pp. 152,	1982
14.	A Nestorian Bibliography	pp. 128,	1982
15.	Indian Christian Who is Who	pp. 210,	1983
16.	The Chaldean Syrian Church of the East (ISPCK, Delhi) (out of Print)	pp. 64,	1984
17.	Good News Festivals in India	pp. 224,	1984
18.	Indian Christian Directory	pp. 264,	1984
19.	Mar Aprem, Theologian & Poet	pp. 136,	1990

Travelogues

20.	America Revisited	pp. 148,	1977
21.	From Bagdad to Chicago	pp. 168,	1985
22.	Australian Assyrians	pp. 132,	1988
23.	To Belgium and Holland via UK & USA	pp. 124,	1989
24.	Sydney to Canberra	pp. 128,	1989
25.	The Assyrians in Iraq	pp. 112,	1990
26.	Germany Via Vienna	pp. 140,	1991
27.	Washington to New York	pp. 133,	1992
28.	London to Moscow	pp. 134,	1993
29.	Los Angeles to Tokyo	pp. 136,	1993
30.	Oxford to Austria	pp. 144,	1994
31.	Salzburg to Boston	pp. 140,	1995
32.	Israel, Scandinavia & U.S.A.	pp. 112,	1996
33.	Hassake to Hollywood	pp. 112,	1998
34.	Italy, Liban & Iran	pp. 112,	1998

Humour

35	Bishop's Jokes (Reprint 1995)	pp. 180, 1983
36	Laugh with the Bishop (Bombay)	pp. 95, 1988
37	Laugh to Health (C.L.S., Madras)	pp. 82, 1992
38	Holy Humour	pp. 104, 1993
39	Joy to the World	pp. 104, 1994
40	Holy Smile	pp. 100, 1997

General

41	From Relief to Development A profile of CASA	pp. 282, 1979
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43	Behold the Cross of Calvary	pp. 208, 1987
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45	Sermons from the Gospels Vol. II	pp. 138, 1990
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49	Mother of the Motherless	pp. 112, 1998

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53	ക്രിസ്തുവിന്റെ കാൽപ്പാടുകളിലൂടെ	pp 168, 1985

To be published (1998-99)

54 Assyrian Fathers
55 Syriac Manuscripts in India
56 Poems & Prayers
57 Advanced Aramaic

Mrs. J.D. Mooken with her children, grand children and a great grand child.